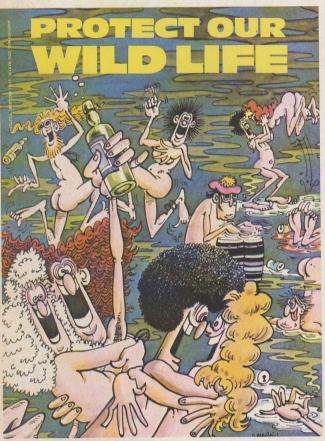


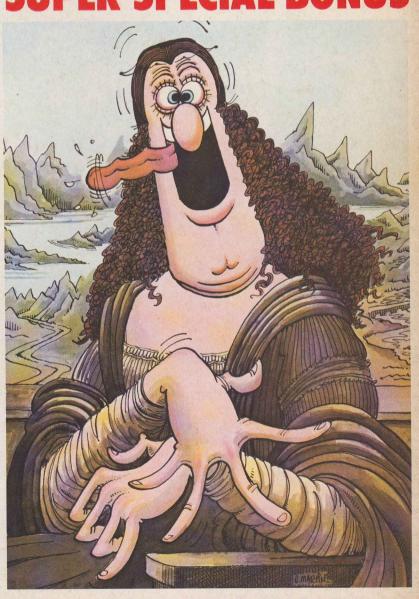
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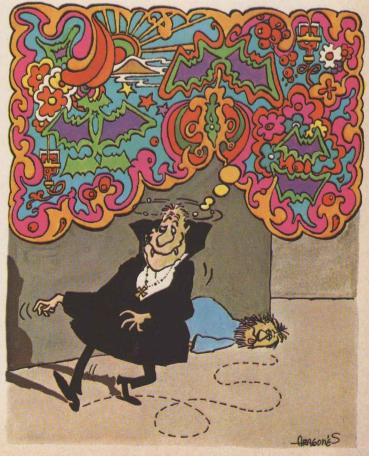
The Pampire





ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER FOURTEEN

"Most people are too lazy to open the door when opportunity knocks!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN editor

JOHN PUTNAM art director LEONARD BRENNER production JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN associate editors

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER 14—Published by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485
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to a living person is a charactere.

Printed in U.S.A.

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SHOP TALK DEPT.

Ever wonder how to spot a person's profession when he's not on the job? Want to know if the gent guzzling drinks at a party is an insurance salesman or a travel agent? Curious to learn if the screaming lunatic sitting next to you at a baseball game is





really a doctor? Well... you don't have to ask to find out. All you have to do is listen and you'll discover what most any person you don't know does for a living. To help you in your efforts (and carry through this ridiculous premise) we present

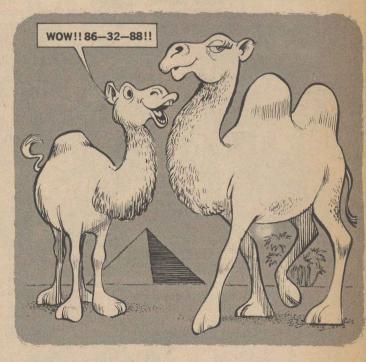


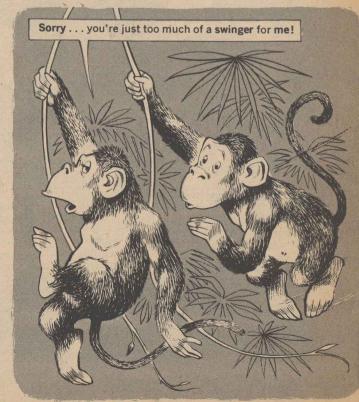


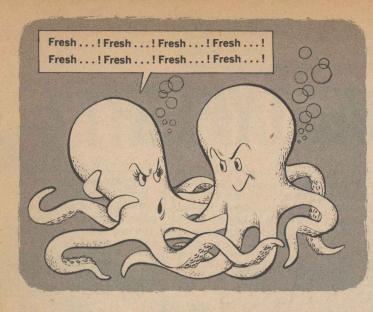
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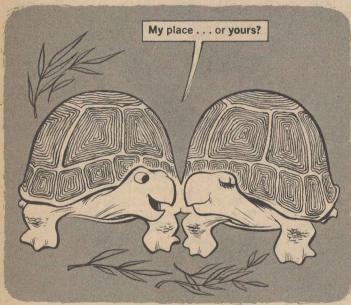
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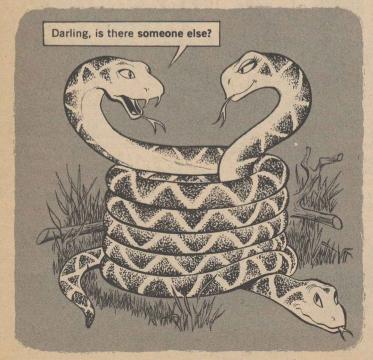
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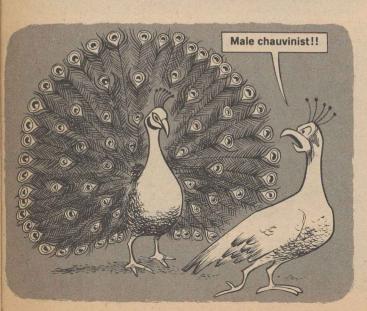


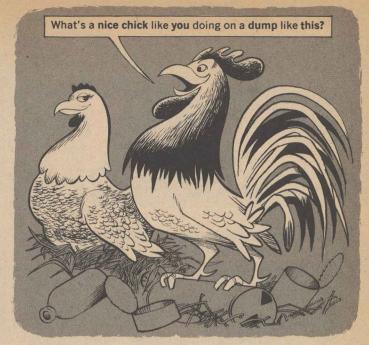


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WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

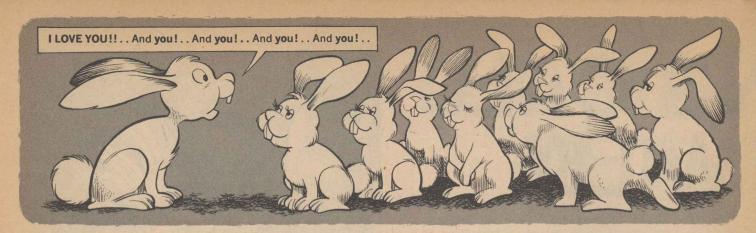






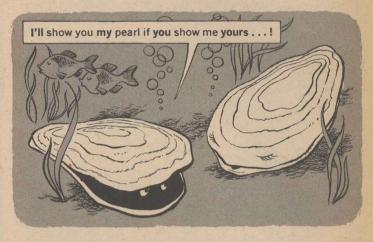


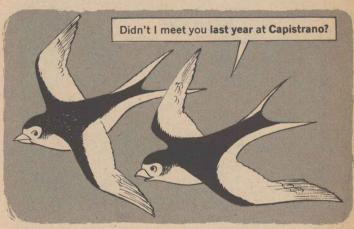


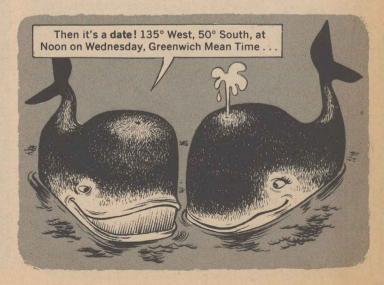












SELECTIVE SERVICE DEPT.

The main thing wrong with Movie Reviews in newspapers and magazines is that they offer the wrong reasons for us to decide if we want to see the movie. That's because the general public has a broad range of interests, while the average film critic has only one: He spends his life watching movies, and then showing off his knowledge of the subject by writing about things like "crisp direction" and "subtle camera work." Unfortunately, this doesn't help anybody to choose an enjoyable film for a Saturday night.

So how can the average person be steered to movies that appeal to his own particular interests? MAD thinks there is a way. Most of us already subscribe to at least one "Special Interest Magazine" that gives the latest on "Women's Lib" or "Mental Health" or "Cigar Box Collecting" or whatever thing we're into. Now if these Specialized Magazines would only run "Specialized Movie Reviews," we could decide which pictures we want to see, and even why we want to see them. It's really not such a radical idea, and we here at MAD can already foresee the day...

WHEN SPECIAL INTEREST MAGAZINES REVIEW NEW MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: TOM KOCH

FROM "AMERICAN HOME"

A HOUSE DWELLER'S GUIDE TO NEW FILMS by Pastel Cozinook

The horrible consequences of using 25-watt light bulbs in rooms filled with dark, heavy furniture are dismally shown in "The Godfather," a tasteless flick currently playing nationwide.

Throughout this long, dreadful epic, homemakers will find themselves constantly repelled by such grim clashes in decor as the placing of frilly fringed lamps on cumbersome carved tables. It can only be said that if these sickening arrangements were concocted for their shock value, the result was a huge success. However, this reviewer finds it hard to believe that "The Godfather" characters would choose hideous furnishings on purpose. As typical upper class suburbanites, they naturally might be expected to call upon a sensitive interior decorator to brighten the gloom with his feathery touch. Obviously, they haven't done so, and this flaw makes an otherwise realistic family story become totally unbelievable.

For example, home lovers will quickly note how the shabby drapes in the combination conference room-rumpus room literally cry out to be replaced by cheerful tie-back curtains. As for the furniture, which appears to have been salvaged from the lobby of a condemned hotel, junking it in favor of Levitz Modern (or even scatter pillows on the floor) would have added a vivid swirl of warmth. With the entire picture being filmed in a collection of equally drab and depressing rooms, "The Godfather" emerges as a home furnishing nightmare that is well worth missing.

FROM "CAR & DRIVER"

MOTORING TO THE MOVIES

With Edsel W. Kaiser-Frazer

A dazzling 1941 Lincoln cabriolet shares top billing with a gorgeous 1939 Packard Model 180 limousine in "The Godfather," the best new classic car film to appear on the silver screen since "Bonnie and Clyde." Lesser, but equally effective, performances are turned in by a well preserved pre-war Checker cab and a newcomer that seems destined for future stardom, a 1937 Hudson Terraplane.

Though handling of the vehicles by a bunch of Italians is only adequate, this short-coming is more than offset by the staging of the film's most memorable scene. In it, the audience is treated to a breath-taking glimpse of a whole parking lot filled with early Detroit iron as somebody or other sneaks around copying license numbers (New York, 1945)

for some reason or other.

Unfortunately, poor film editing results in numerous distracting cut-aways from the bevy of beauties in the lot to an old man mumbling in a nearby house. But cameras do stay with the interesting action long enough to capture vivid portrayals of a charming Airflow DeSoto, an almost extinct 1938 Graham and even a lovely Straight Fight LaSalle.

Despite its four-star rating by yours truly, "The Godfather" is not recommended for junior auto buffs, due to its stark depiction of violence. The most sickening example comes in a scene at a turnpike toll booth where the featured Lincoln is splattered beyond restoration by machine gun fire. It's a grisly moment, but for those with strong enough stomachs to watch a classic being butchered, "The Godfather" is the "must see" movie of the season.



This frank portrayal of wanton mutilation of a classic car probably accounts for the Restricted rating of "The Godfather."



In typical scene from "The Godfather," Brando exhibits preference for groveling flunkies over urgently needed interior decorators.

With Lamar "Bull" Jukes

A classic Browning sub-machine gun co-stars with a bevy of .32 automatics in "The Godfather," a movie featuring the best outdoor sports action since the Cheyennes were all picked off by superior firepower in "Little Big Man."

The wild game bagged in "The Godfather" consists solely of Italians, which is a lucky thing since they are not one of those "endangered species" whose extermination

might give our sport a bad name.

Also to its credit, the movie makes a good case for legalizing silencers on firearms. The use of such devices permitted many of the hunting scenes to be filmed on crowded city streets without creating noise pollution. All in all, the bleeding hearts will find nothing to complain about in any of "The Godfather's" thrilling depictions of big game stalking.

From a purely technical standpoint, weapon lovers may find fault with a few of the film's machine gunnings on the grounds that 50 or 60 bullets should be enough to kill anything. Also, nit pickers could conceivably argue that firing at a motionless target from a distance of two feet takes some of the sportsmanship out of killing for

pleasure.

But despite its minor faults, "The Godfather" makes for an enjoyable evening at the movies, and also offers some good tips on stalking to those of you who have hopes of someday displaying a stuffed Italian on your trophy room wall.



These six nice specimens were bagged in "The Godfather," thanks to the clever idea of taping two spare pistols to a toilet flush box.

FROM "JACK & JILL"

ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY ANALYSIS

FROM "BUSINESS WEEK"

hy Lynch-Piercefenner-Smith



Decisions are quickly made and effectively executed following Board of Directors' Meetings like this one in "The Godfather."

"The Godfather," currently playing at reserved seat ticket prices (1½ bid, 4¾ asked) is strongly recommended to executives seeking tips on corporate diversification into new product and service lines.

The film, partially underwritten by the Stupendous National Bank of Hollywood, is an enthralling story of a successful conglomerate that has been built without the usual capital outlay for plant sites and machine tool installation.

Stressing efficiency of operation and loyalty to management, the semi-fictitious Godfather Enterprises exhibits remarkable growth potential by following a policy of aggressive expansion. This is achieved by permitting junior management to play a role in executing top level decisions by executing top level competitors.

Though "The Godfather" is somewhat negligent in failing to present moviegoers with a detailed balance sheet of operations, it is obvious that buying the New York Police Department has been the firm's only major cash expenditure. Thanks to this prudent purchase, gross income and net profits remain constantly on the rise throughout the film.

In scene after scene, "The Godfather" offers data on organizational management and employee discipline that executives, contemplating a high risk business venture with great cash flow potential, will find invaluable.

LET'S EVERYBODY GO TO THE MOVIES

I think probably every kid will like "The Godfather" because it is like a cops and robbers picture, except that all the people are robbers and there aren't any cops.

They never say what kind of a relative a Godfather is, but I guess he is something like a grandfather because he talks so you can't understand him, and looks like he has bad breath and cotton in his cheeks the way grandfathers do. In this movie, the Godfather drops dead while he is making his grandson play some game with him. I wish my grandfather would drop dead when he makes me play games with him. Who wants to play dumb games with an old man who has bad breath and cotton in his cheeks?

But besides that, this movie is very funny. When one guy gets shot a couple hundred times, he twitches and jumps around a lot before he falls down, just the way the Three Stooges do. Only the Three Stooges always get up again when they fall down, but this guy didn't.

Another funny part comes when a guy wakes up and finds out there's a horse sleeping in bed with him, except it's only part of a horse. I laughed when the guy jumped out of bed and said, "Arrggh," after he saw there was part of a horse sleeping with him.

But the best part of the movie is that there isn't hardly any kissing stuff in it. The only times are when the men kiss each other, which I didn't undertand why and my parents wouldn't tell me. But anyway, the men never get married to each other, which is another main reason I liked the movie and think you will, too.

by Bubby Claflin, Junior Guest Critic



"The Godfather" is different from Disney pictures, mainly because it only stars part of an animal.

YOUR MOVIE EPICURE

by Basil "Slim" Oregano

For food lovers anxious to learn sixteen new uses for tomato paste, "The Godfather" is served up as the tastiest film of the month. Starring lasagna washed down with red wine, rigatoni with meat sauce and the ever popular gnocchi, this three-hour display of zestful gluttony may be the best picture to come out of Hollywood since Lowell, Thomas feasted on sheep's eyeballs in "Afghanistan Revisited."

Advocates of leisurely dining will be especially delighted to see that "The Godfather" script calls for most of the actors to enjoy an enormous meal just before they are gunned down. As we all know, this is the only way to die happy. Unfortunately, intensive machine gunning makes it impossible to see the contented smiles that the victims would have had on their faces

if they still had faces.

For this reviewer, the film's only distractions came when the wonderful cooking and feasting scenes were sometimes interrupted *before* the spumoni to cut away to a savage beating where the characters weren't even provided with hors d'oeuvres to nosh on during the action.

Also, lovers of northern Italian cooking are certain to regret the lack of dramatic moments featuring veal dishes. But for pasta fans, "The Godfather" will be relished as a thoroughly mouth watering motion picture experience.



A mouth-watering Italian gourmet meal of chicken tetrazzini, manicotti and zabaglione is destroyed in this unforgiveable scene from "The Godfather."

FROM "PSYCHOLOGY TODAY"

Therapeutic Night At The Movies

With P.H. DeMille, Ph.D.



In "The Godfather," Marlon Brando dispiays a warm paternal interest in all of his children's activities, including their funerals.

The importance of maintaining close family ties while granting a degree of freedom and responsibility to the maturing child is amply demonstrated in this month's psychological film study, "The Godfather."

For parents who fear that cutting the apron strings will lead to anti-social behavior among their youngsters in the 20-to-30 age group, this picture offers comforting reassurance. Starring Marlon Brando as a loving and muttering father, the movie shows us that boys venturing out into the world for the first time need not display their insecurity by growing shaggy hair, sassing their elders or twanging amplified guitars. In fact, carrying a violin case to work is as close as any of "The Godfather" kids comes to seeking refuge in the neurotic pop music cult.

In the view of this therapist, such a successful transformation out of the childhood phase is attributable to three stabilizing factors exhibited in "The Godfather": (1) Strong parental discipline that clearly frowns upon difficulties with the police; (2) An opportunity to channel boyish energy into a physically active family business, and (3) A chance to die young before the psychological problems of

adult life need to be faced squarely.

Perhaps most important, "The Godfather" lets us see a healthy home atmosphere in which boys who might possess latent desires to become hair dressers, collect Dresden figurines or wear lipstick and high heels are firmly guided into more manly pursuits. For this reason alone, parents of male children entering the "critical years" should educate themselves before it's too late by seeing "The Godfather."

FROM "Ms."

THE CRUSADING CRITIC

by Gloria Stoneman

If you enjoy watching displays of male chauvinism at its pigiest, you'll simply love "The Godfather." Starring Marlon Brando (who may have thrilled your mother with his torn tee shirt, but who will do nothing for you with his sagging jowls), the picture offers a disgusting look at a business world dominated and mismanaged by mutton-headed men.

In the typical Hollywood tradition, women are cast in the roles of mere possessions who serve their masters by cooking spaghetti, bearing children and, ultimately, getting blown

up in parked cars.

Basically, "The Godfather" is the dull story of muscle-bound males blasting out each other's underdeveloped brains in an endless, childish game of cops-and-robbers. If the film has any socially redeeming value, it lies in the frank display of prejudice against women in hiring for executive level Mafia jobs. Hopefully, this show of blatant sex bias will inspire some of you sisters to picket the next summit meeting of the Five Families, and demand what you've got coming to you.

The New York Police Department, which is depicted as having no women members either, naturally fails in its bumbling efforts to halt the juvenile pranks of Brando's chauvinist swine. However, there is one satisfying scene in which the police captain who may be responsible for the N.Y.P.D.'s discriminatory hiring policy is pumped full of lead until his

guts ooze out.

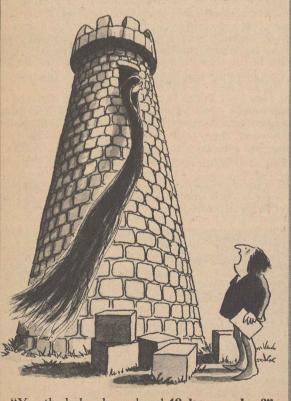
Still, this reviewer can recommend "The Godfather" only to those women who want to renew their sense of outrage over being downtrodden.



A brief attempt to carry out simple child care duties proves fatal to Big Shot Tycoon Brando in this revealing scene from "The Godfather".

A MAD LOOK AT BAPUS





"You the lady who ordered 48 dozen curlers?"







"I don't know if I can go on with this climbing-up-the-hair routine much longer!"



"Well, if you'd only break down and buy a ladder, I wouldn't HAVE split ends!"



"Don't deny it, Rapunzel! There's someone else, isn't there?"

"Actually, Rapunzel, I think I prefer it natural!"



Some time back (MAD #94 to be exact!), we ran an article about "Form Letters". in which we suggested that various individuals, companies and government agencically could answer their "constantly repeated" complaints and inquiries with "Specific

"SPECIFIC FORM ANSY

THE WHITE HOUSE Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:-

Thank you for your letter to Mr. _____ of the President's staff.

Perhaps you are not aware of it, but due to some rather awkward circumstances over the past few months, Mr. _____ is no longer with us here at the White House.

We will, however, forward your letter to his new residence, where he will be residing for the next

Sincerely yours,

Warren Sigler
Director of Temporary
White House Personnel

DELTA AIRLINES

Atlanta, Georgia

"Delta is ready when you are!"

Dear Passenger: -

We are in receipt of your complaint, and we are very sorry for the embarrassment you suffered during a recent Pre-Flight Security Check when

() the metal of your _____activated the alarm system.

- () our Security Guard, while frisking you, accidentally touched your
- () our Baggage Inspector, while searching your luggage, held up a pair of your flimsiest because he thought they looked suspicious.

As you can understand, these are precautionary measures which are necessary for the safety of all passengers, and while taking them, accidental and unexpected events can sometimes happen.

We thank you for your patience.

Yours truly,

From Roseman

Irwin Roseman

Public Relations

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Washington, 25, D.C.

Dear Sir/Madam:

We regret that there was a delay in delivery, and that you received a letter months/years after its mailing.

your anger is justified, and we can sympathize with your plight. We know how embarrassing it is to receive a Christmas Card in August, or to just now receive a "V-Mail" letter from a son stationed on Guam during World War II.

But look at the bright side. At least you received yours! There are many unfortunate citizens who, because of unexplained snafus, never even get their letters!

We are sorry for the inconvenience, and we assure you that the Post Office Department is constantly seeking new ways to speed up service. In this, we have the full cooperation of both houses of Congress, and the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Sincerely yours, attum C. Summerfield Arthur E. Summerfield Postmaster General

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR The City of New York

Dear Citizen: -

We are terribly sorry to hear that you stepped in ____ on ___

In a City of 9 million people, many of whom own pets, it is almost impossible to enforce the curbing of every single dog or cat dents do happen.

People have a tendency to complain about the bad things of our City, but they should also try to remember the good things. New Yorkers have much to be proud of, and they can "walk tall"! Although in your case, you will probably be walking taller on one foot than the other for a while!

Sorry for the inconvenience.

Very truly yours, Abraham Beame Mayor Form Answer-Letters". Well, since that time, there have been many more things for heeple to complain and inquire about, and many more "Specific Form Answer-Letters" hat ought to be created to cover them. So here we go with an updated version of

ER LETTERS" THE

THERE REALLY OUGHT TO BE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

The Flip Wilson Show

3000 West Alameda Avenue Burbank, California 91505

Dear Viewer:

Thank you for your inquiry.

We can assure you that the gown Flip Wilson wears when he plays the character "Geraldine" on his TV Show is just a costume . . . and that Mr. Wilson is, in all other respects, perfectly "normal"! To ease any doubts you might still have, we are enclosing a photo of Flip smoking a cigar with John Wayne and Clint Eastwood, both of whom, you will admit, are acknowledged "He-Men". We trust this will close the matter.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Henry Producer

THE PURE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Concerned Consumer: -

In answer to your inquiry, Yes, we have just discovered that the previously considered safe food, _______, contains a dangerous amount of _______, and that consuming large quantities of it can give you the disease known as ______, and possibly also cause you to lose your in extreme cases.

Laboratory tests have proven that it can be fatal to mice, can paralyze guinea pigs and can cause cramps in certain species of

This information is not meant to frighten you. It is intended to make you aware that many standard foods are no longer "safe" and that the "Basic Seven" are now known as the "Basic Two" . . and we're not altogether sure about either one of those!

Sincerely yours,
Scott Mitchell
Director of Research and
Chief Food Taster

THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. New York City, New York

Dear Sir:-

We are terribly sorry to learn that you were "bored silly" by our agent, Mr. during his recent attempt to sell you insurance.

It is especially upsetting to hear that you and/or members of your family actually dozed off in the middle of his discussion of:

() "Insurance As A Hedge Against Inflation"

() "The Eternal Dilemma: Ordinary Life Vs. Decreasing Term".

() "Medical Insurance As The Only Defense Against The High Cost Of Prolonged Hospitalization Or Crippling Illness".

() "How Insurance Can Enable You To Retire At Age 65 To A Trailer Camp In Florida".

We assure you that what our agents may lack in charisma, they make up in ability and their dedication to serve you.

We are, however, anxious to please you. If you still insist upon meeting with a representative with a little more "flair", we can send you one of our agents who wears a mustache.

Please let us know.

Norman Edelstein, CLU

Director of Complaints

DAMIANO PRODUCTIONS

Producers of "Deep Throat"

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Guys,

We're glad you enjoyed our picture.
Sorry, but Miss Lovelace cannot accept
your invitation to "entertain" at your
next Fraternity Party.
Thanks, anyway, for your interest.

Bestregards Tishman

Lionel "Google-Eyed" Tishman Production Assistant and Principal Photographer

MAILED FIST DEPT.

It might seem that greeting card companies finally have reached the saturation point in their forts to boost sales. After all, they've now got us feeling obligated to send cheery messages every conceivable occasion, including Saint Patrick's Day, Halloween and even something call Sweetest Day. However, MAD thinks that card makers haven't even begun to tap their biggest particles.

MAD GREETING

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



I know how long you've saved for this.

(DEVALUED DOLLAR DROPS!)
So have a ball in gay Madrid.

(YANK SHOT BY SPANISH COPS!)

Sail carefree up the Grecian coast.

(SHIP SINKS IN ATHENS BAY!)

Just leave your worries here at home.

(HOUSE ROBBED WHILE FOLKS AWAY!)



Have I Got News For You, Lover Boy!

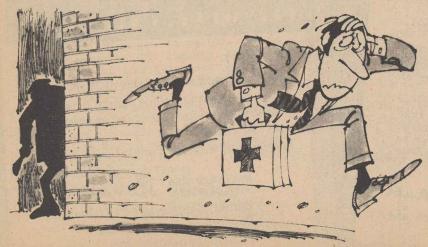


I don't often send out cards to men I hate,
Who make wrestling matches out of every date.
But I have a special word
Just for you that must be heard,
So please read the rest before it gets too late.

Curing mononucleosis takes a year,
During which you suffer terribly, I hear.
You can catch it from a kiss
With a germ-infected Miss.
That's the reason Make-out Men all live in fear.

Some girls claim a first-date soul kiss is okay. I don't think so, but you grabbed me anyway. Now, your life may soon be hell 'Cause you didn't hear me yell, "I'm a carrier of mono! Get away!"

Too Bad About Your Forthcoming Skull Fracture



The latest crime statistics show That mugging's on the rise. I'm sure you saw the figures, and They came as no surprise.

It's quite a stroke of luck that thugs Have not yet clobbered you. Perhaps they've seen your chintzy clothes And let you pass on through.

The way you dress, no crook would guess You carry so much cash. But I've leaked word! Now, plans are set For throwing you a bash! ential market. So far, they've designed virtually all of their greetings to be sent to people you fee. But this group is far outnumbered by people you don't like. And who could resist sending an emy a sentimental verse, if the underlying sentiments were nasty enough? Most any occasion pappropriate for mailing a warm, heartfelt message of ill will to a loathed one, like these . . .

RDS ... TO SHAKE UP PEOPLE YOU HATE

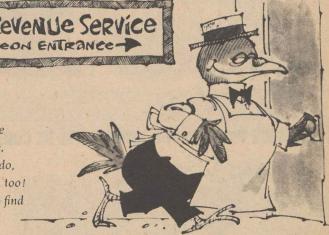
RITER: TOM KOCH

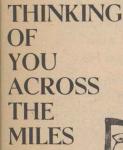
MY THOUGHTS ARE ONLY OF YOU, WEALTHY OLD FRIEND

Though we've pursued our own careers, We've kept in touch across the years. You still stop by my butcher shop To tell me how you've reached the top By pushing weaker men aside. I've listened while you gloat with pride.

I've listened closest when you say It's awful how much tax you'd pay If you weren't smart enough to mess With schemes to cheat the J.R.S.-Like last year, charging seven grand For "business trips" to Disneyland.

I've listened to the tricks galore That cut your taxes even more. By bragging loud of what you do, D'ou'll soon help me get richer, too! Rewards are paid to those who find And testify against your kind.







I know how it feels to get no news from home. (Your brother Fred's in jail.)

So I send this card just to say all is well. (Your dad won't go his bail.)

A word of good cheer boosts a soldier's morale.

(Your faithful dog is dead.) It helps you to know that you're still in our hearts.

(The girl you love has wed.)

I may have looked happy to see you ship out. (My wife told what you'd done.)

But now I'm quite ready for you to come back. (I've bought myself a gun.)

Here's hoping this card's filled you in on the news, So now you know the score;

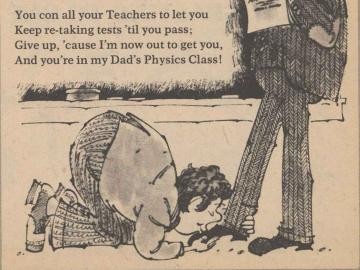
And maybe you'll do what seems best for your health:

Enlist for three years more.

So You're Hoping For A Scholarship. Lots Of Luck, Fella!

A Student Aid Grant you need badly To stay here and get your degree; Each Prof you have catered to madly To make sure he gives you a "B".

Your spare time, I hear, you've devoted To stealing my Best Girl away; One fact about that should be noted: It may mean next term you won't stay



A Heartfelt Message To A June Graduate

To mark your completion of law school, I'll give you your first legal case
By listing the laws you have broken
Since you moved next door to my place.

Your poodle dug up all my tulips. (See Ordinance two-eight-one-three.) My wife says you peeked in her bedroom. (Refer to Maine versus McGee.)

That fence you built crosses my easement. (Go look at the town survey plat.)
Some folk saw you picking my apples.
(I've four depositions on that.)

I hope that your new legal training Will help you face court without fears. If not, your career won't get started For something like three-to-five years.



IT PAINS ME TO SAY YOUR HOUSE WILL BE CONDEMNED



I'm sure you've read that I'm part of The highway scheme that's planned: Ten billion will be spent to build New roads throughout the land.

To clear the way, I've got the say Whose homes will have to fall; So just keep on the look-out for That swinging iron ball.



Here's A Cheery Thought On Your Dental Appointment



I hear that your dentist is ready
To start on your root canal work.
I hope you can keep your nerves steady,
And not start to scream like a jerk.

It's true that with anything dental,
The pain's like a slow trip through hell.
But just tell yourself it's all mental,
For dentists get mad when you yell.

Don't flinch when that air hose starts squirting.
Just let your mind ramble at will,
And think how much worse you'll be hurting
Next month when you've gotten the bill.

A FINAL GREETING TO ONE WHO FACES DEATH



Ralph Nader says your wash machine's
A deadly type to buy;
And Ralph's condemned your toaster, too;

Its wires can make you try.

Consumer advocates agree
Your car's a rolling tomb;
And tests have shown your brand of stove
Leaks gas throughout the room.

The record proves, beyond a doubt,
That Ralph is never wrong.
And so I've sent this air mail 'cause
You won't be with us long.

THE NIGHTMARE

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

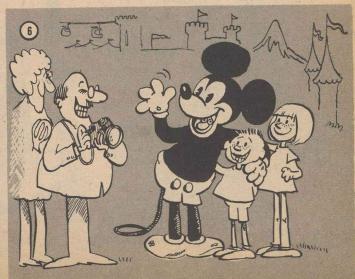












EVERYBODY'S GAWKIN' DEPT.

The following article is rated "G"...which means it's Okay for General Audiences. However, following article is a MAD satire of an "X"-rated movie...which means the movie is dirty, a Children Under 16 are Not Permitted to see it. Which further means that if you are under 16, you couldn't possibly have seen the movie, and therefore you cannot possibly enjoy this MAD sat

MIDNIGHT

Well, Sam ... Yeah, but I'm tired How they gonna know Besides, with my So, lon of huggin' an' kissin' I'm leaving' I'm from out of town? Award-Winning Lips, Why you wanna go Joe Clu COWS! I'm talkin' about Texas, an' I'm Be careful, I saved up all year I'll drive them New to New York, Joe? huggin' an' kissin' An' a-headin' for Joe! New York an' bought me this York women crazy! You do plenny of **WOMEN** for a change! rememb New York . . . is a rough City Slicker outfit! So long, Sam. huggin' an' kissin' . . dre place for an where I can right here! your lip out-of-towner! do plenny of huggin' an' kissin'! MUST

it. So use your dopey, under-16 head for a change! Don't laugh at this article if your parents are around, or you'll give it away that you lied about your age and sneaked in to see the movie! Incidentally, if your parents laugh at this article, it means they must have seen the movie, and pu can ask them what in heck they were doing, going to see a dirty movie anyhow!) Here, then, is...

WOWBOY

RITER: STAN HART











Look, Selma! They're filming another movie with authentic backgrounds right here on the streets of New York City!

Just stare right into the camera naturally! Hey, mister-I'll give you a dollar if you'll go into this movie and sit with me and hold my hand! I'm-I'm scared of **Horror Pictures!**

Me, too, kid ... but, okay! I need the money!

Gee, I hate all the hitting and stomping and punching and violence and bloodshed you see in movie theaters these days!

But there wasn't any of that stuff in the picture we just saw!

I'm not talking about in the picture! I'm talking about in HERE . . . when you find out I don't have the dollar I promised you!





I know it's a crummylookin' joint, Joe-Cough! Cough!-but I'm only stayin' here till I can get to Miami-Cough! Cough!

Hey, ain't you worried about that cough, Ratface?

Yeah, dammit! It's getting BETTER! An' just when I'm up for a part in an "Anti-Smoking Commercial"!



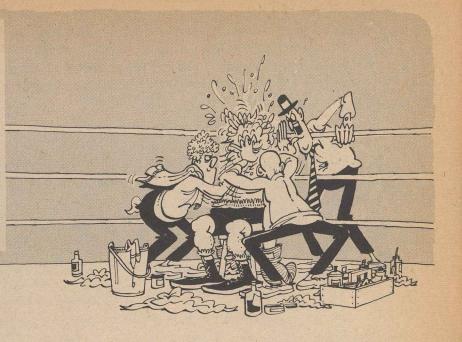






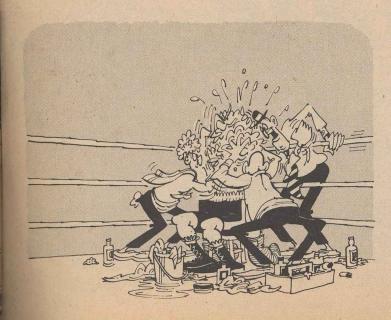


ONE NIGHT ATTHE FIGHTS



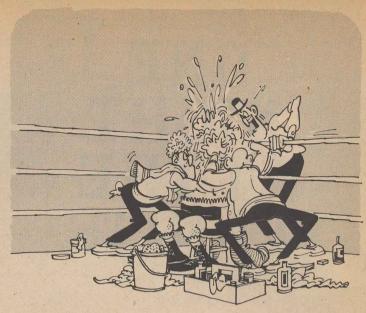


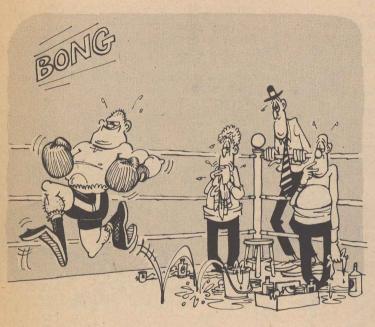




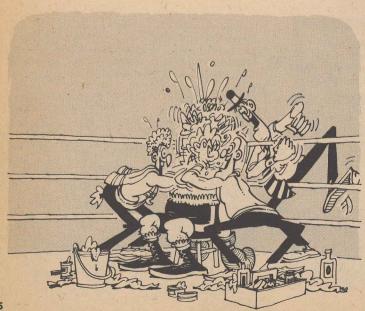






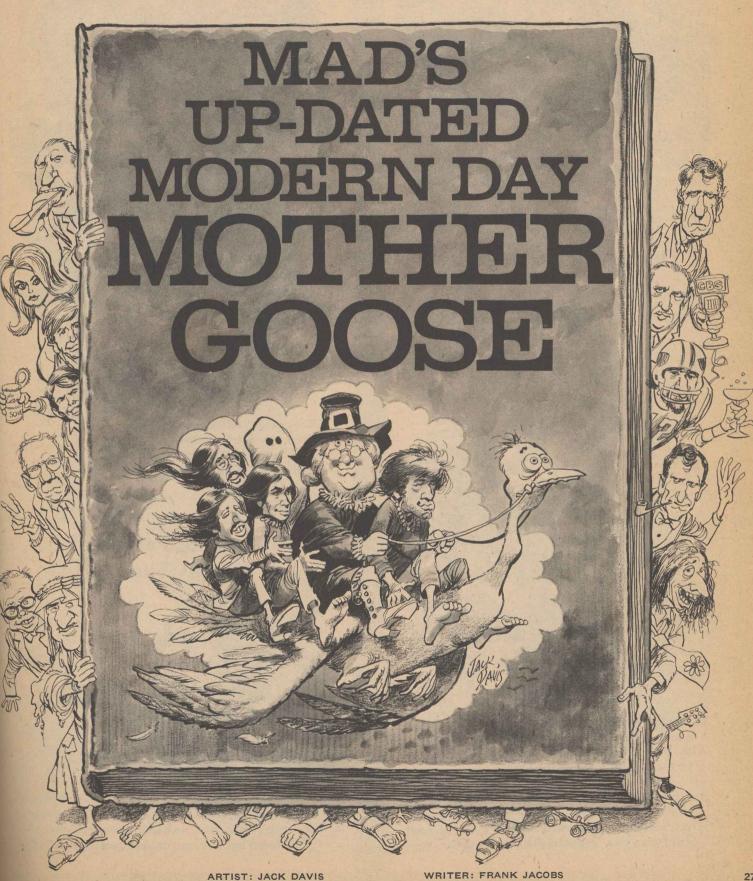




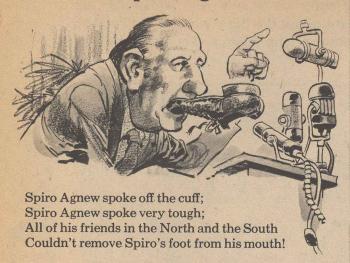




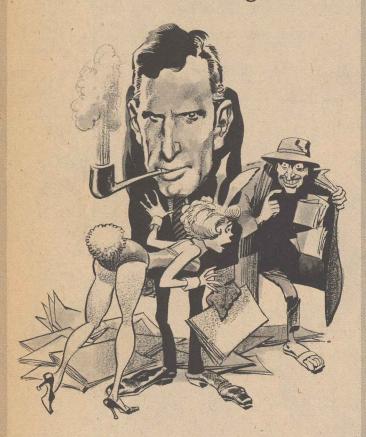
Let's face it. Mother Goose is out of date. Like what five-year-old really cares about Mary and her little lamb, or if Jack Horner really sat in a corner? Kids today are sharp, hip, forward-looking. They want to know about the Big Names of the Present. Let us, then, dedicate ourselves to the education of the Romper Set as we present



Spiro Agnew



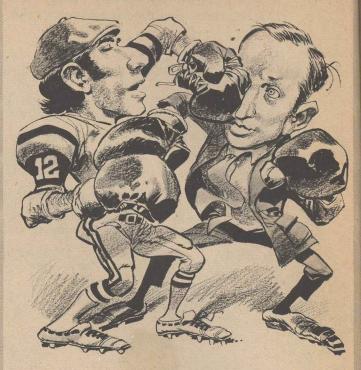
Hefner Had A Magazine



Hefner had a magazine,
Which first shocked many folks
With color spreads of half-nude girls
And sort-of-dirty jokes;

But now we're bombed with raunchy filth And pornographic swill, Which makes poor Hefner's magazine Seem more like "Jack and Jill"!

Broadway Joe And Pete Rozelle



Broadway Joe and Pete Rozelle Resolved to have a scrimmage, For Pete Rozelle said Broadway Joe Was spoiling football's image;

Although they had an awful fight
And very nearly parted,
You'll notice that they patched things up
Before the season started!

Pat-A-Cake, Pat-A-Cake, Tiny Tim



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Tiny Tim— Are you a her, or are you a him? Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, we won't guess, Because, Tiny Tim, we couldn't care less!





Three little hippies, Smelling like a zoo; One copped some Dial Soap— Now there's only two;

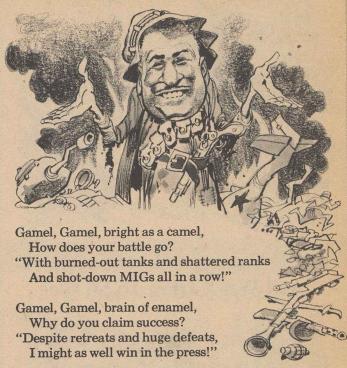


Two little hippies, Broke and on the run; One met a Daley cop— Now there's only one;

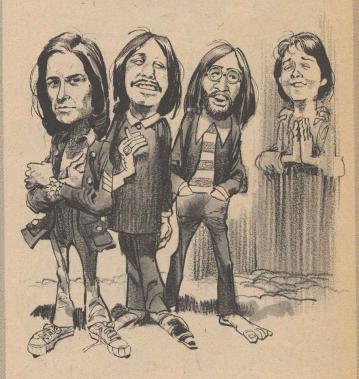
One little hippie, Zonked as he can be; He revealed his secret stash—

Now there's 43!

Gamel, Gamel, Bright As A Camel

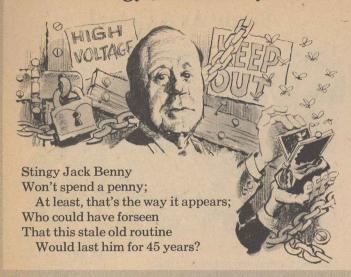


Ringo, Paul, George & John

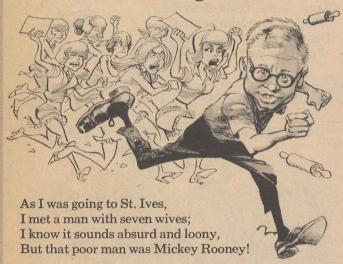


Ringo, Paul, George and John Played a trick and put us on; Dropped hints Paul was dead as nails— And rocketed their record sales!

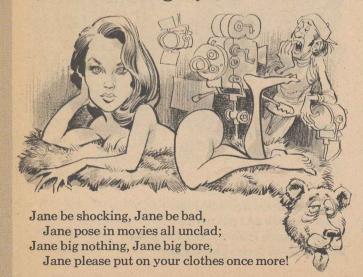
Stingy Jack Benny



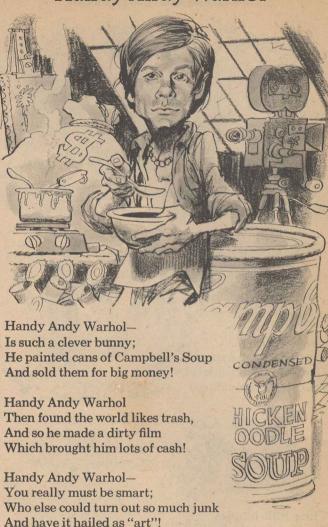
As I Was Going To St. Ives



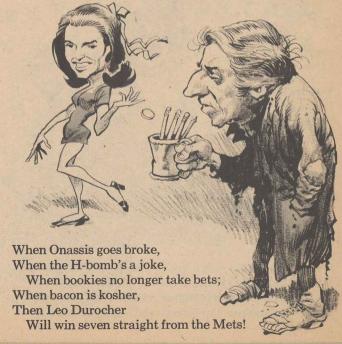
Jane Be Naughty, Jane Be Bad



Handy Andy Warhol

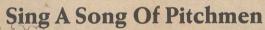


When Onassis Goes Broke



Wee Timmy Leary







Sing a song of pitchmen Johnny, Merv and Joey Yakking up TV;

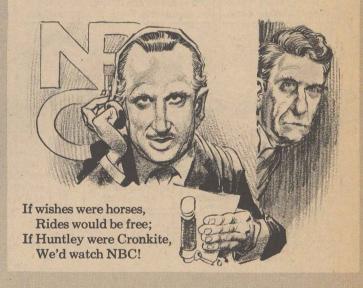
Johnny's selling dogfood, Merv, a spray for bugs, Joey's pushing mouthwash, Guests are giving plugs;

When their shows are over, And we've choked our grief, **Even David Susskind** Seems a big relief!

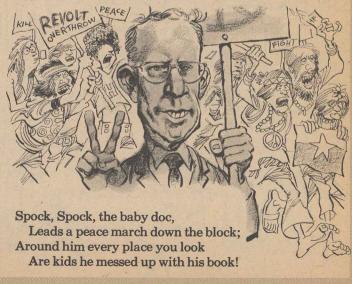
Warren Beatty Had A Sweetie



If Wishes Were Horses



Spock, Spock, The Baby Doc

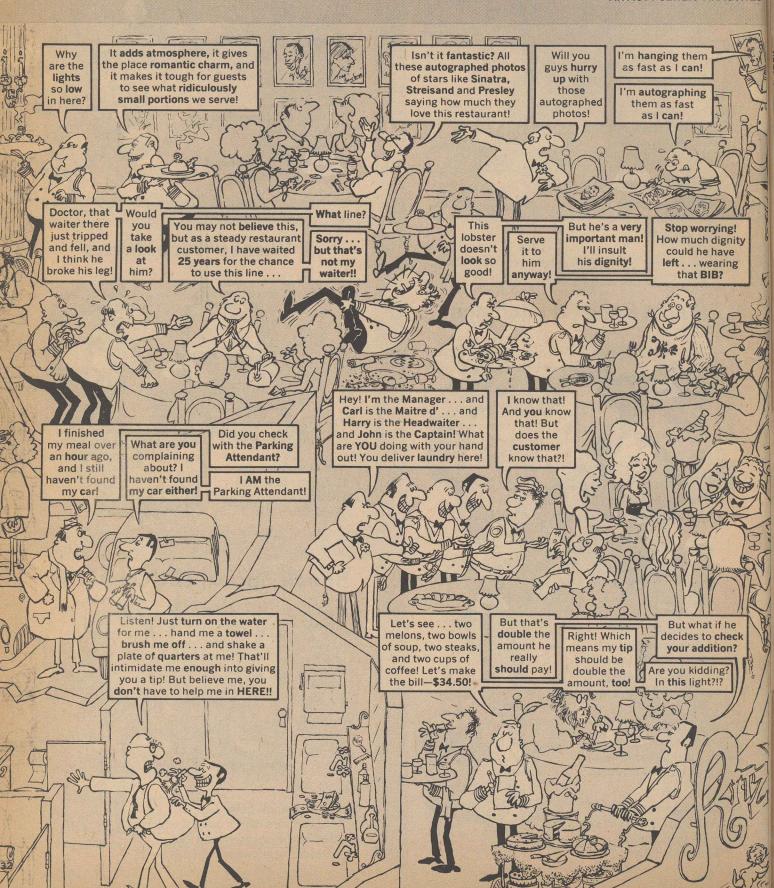




Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

AMAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES





THE SCENES

At A Fancy Restaurant

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL They were Sir, we do Hey, Pierre! Call up Yeah? See Oh, no made by **NOT** serve **Bernie's Luncheonette** What do you mean, this piece Yeah? How you won't bread left our baker and have him send over call up Bernie's of bread? That's come this about 20 over by a Cheeseburger with Luncheonette!? I'll Ask your for MY bread has minutes ago! our other some French Fries! make it myself! baker why he dinner! fingerprints guests! buttered it? on it? Hey, Benny! What's These menus are so fancy, I What The same milk!? don't understand them myself! left over in the pot? should Simple! A guest just ordered "Quelque I do Pour it Sure! What's Chose Je Ne Sais Quoi Under Tuna fish That's with this from the wrong? It's Glass"! What in heck is that?! hash! it! cracked bad glass the glass that's glass of milk? into a cracked ... not good glass! the milk! See that guy The Somehow, I feel that having dinner check "honor" isn't strong That's Mr. Wolff with the four comes having another enough! Have Charlie Barney, I'm aware that everybody chorus girls, **Business Dinner"**to change our sign to knows that restaurant bars water two actresses which he'll charge \$215! read, "We ADORE All their booze . . . but can't you be and a model? his company for! Major Credit Cards"! a little more discreet about it? WE HONOR ALL CREDIT CARDS That's a nice That's right! looking hat! I paid \$20 for Why do What are you trying to forget? Have it at Brooks you another Brothers ... It should drink drink! That I called and made a table and \$20 more You so much? reservation for 8:00 o'clock me \$40! buying it back .. and it's now 9:30 . . . and still 80 times from To forget! remember! I still don't have a table! \$40 for a hat? this place! HRAGONÉS

"X" PLOY-TATION DEPT.

Take a look at the ads for movies, and you can sure tell what sells films these days: Sex! Nudity! Drugs! Wild living! That's what brings the crowds to theatres! Well, this may work for the free-wheeling flicks of today... but what about the revivals of all those "square," mild movies of yesterday?

ADS FOR MO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

YOUNG, RESTLESS, YEARNING, GROPING FOR LOVE...
SHE FOUND HERSELF ALONE IN A CABIN WITH
SEVEN SEX-STARVED MEN!



IN LURID COLOR

"Makes 'Cinderella' look like a fairy tale!" Mc Diviate,-POST



How do you advertise a re-release of something like . . . say . . . "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" or "Born Free" to modern movie audiences? The answer, my friends, is written in these ads . . . the answer is written in these ads. So follow their example, and stretch the truth, like we've done with these

VIE REVIVALS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



To touch— To fondle— To possess

THE FORBIDDEN FLESH THAT TORMENTED HIS DESIRE!



AHAB-

A Man of the World Consumed by Waves of Passion! He had All He Desired—EXCEPT The One He Desired Most of All!

MOBY-

A Shimmering Creature of Abnormal Appetites Whose Soft, Curved, White, Tantalizing Body was TOO WILD Ever to be Possessed!

A RAW, NAKED STORY-PULSATING WITH PASSION!

MOBY DICK

"Goes to great depths . . . a whale of a climax!"—De Generate, STAR

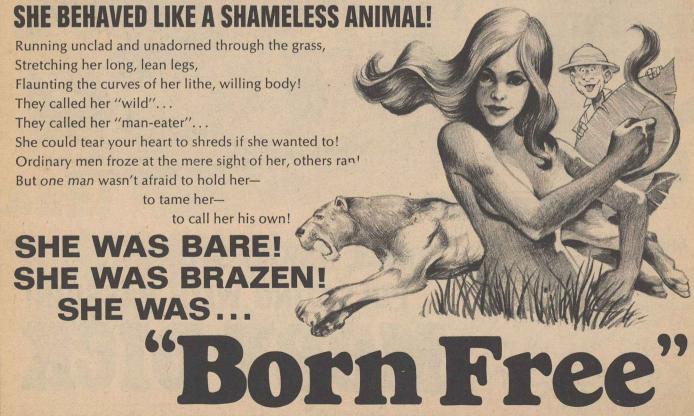
THEY "DROPPED OUT" OF LIFE ON A 40-YEAR FREAK-OUT IN THE DESERT!

They were the Now generation of 1200 B.C.—a far-out cult of Flower Children who thumbed their noises at the establishment until one cat with long hair, beard and sandals offered them "Tablets" that turned them all on! Where did he get them? Out of sight, man!



SETTIE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

"The bad trip with the Golden Calf flipped my wig!" Moss, ROLLING STONE

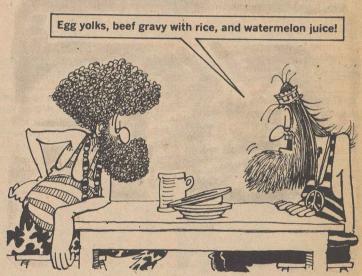


ONE DAY IN A CRASH-PAD













BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



Listen, I went

through three

years of the

Army, and I came



It's Bruce! What if they take him?



When I think of the violence and bloodshed, the guns and the bombs . . . the hand-to-hand combat, I could DIE!!



What if he gets hurt—or worse?! After all, he's the only son we've got!



WHO'S TALKING ABOUT THE ARMY! I'M TALKING ABOUT COLLEGE!



I'm sick about what happened on the job today! I swear, you're the biggest worrywart with the worst persecution complex in the whole world!



You've got to learn to ignore those stupid things that bug you! If your Boss yells at you, he's not yelling at YOU—it's probably because his wife gave him a hard time that morning!



And when your Boss calls you an incompetent bungler, he's probably frustrated because he blew a big order! So ignore that, too!



| gotchya!

From now

on, I'll

ignore

And the "Two-Weeks Notice" I got today!
I'll ignore that, too!



I will never do THAT again! Now, I'm sick —sick with worry!!



In a few years, there're going to be too many people in this world, and not enough food! And we'll be choked by air pollution! And we'll be poisoned by contaminated water! And we'll be computerized to death! And all morality will break down!



And drugs will be destroying our kids! And there'll be rioting, and wars, and . . .



Listen, why don't you get your mind off your worries?
Go watch





WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Boy, narcotics are something to worry about! If we start with "pot", we might go on to "speed" or "LSD"! And then, we could have a bad trip, or blow our minds and go insane!



Or we could ruin our health, destroy our chromosomes, and pass trouble on to our kids! And if we got hooked on hard stuff, we might have to steal to supply our habit! Then, we could get caught and go to jail and ruin our whole lives!



But an awful lot of kids are on the stuff, and they keep after us to try it!



And when

we refuse.

everybody

calls us a

Boy . . . to be known as a "square"! That's something to REALLY worry about!!



Oh my gosh, we left the house, and I forgot to turn on a light!

What in heaven's name do you need a light on for—if nobody's home?



Stupid! That's the idea!
If a burglar comes and
sees a light on, he'll
think someone IS home!



I'm worried!
Maybe we
better turn
around and
go back home,
so I can turn
on a light!



You're crazy!

All this fuss

about turning

a light on!

Believe me.

there's nothing

When the burglar comes, HE'LL turn it on!



What are you doing in bed? Are you sick?

No, I'm just pretending! It's Saturday night and I haven't got a date! So if anybody asks "Why?", at least I have a good excuse!



Suit yourself! Anyway, Cathy is on the phone! See what I mean?!
Now I don't have
to worry about what
other people think!

Hello, Cathy . . . ?



Oh, good! I was hoping against hope that you'd be home tonight! How come you're not out on I'm



Aw, that's too bad!
Because my date has a friend in from out of town and we wanted to double with you!
But, if you're sick—

You'll never know how REALLY sick I am!





But that's a sex picture with an "X" rating! No one under 16 is allowed in! They keep the young people out so they won't get any crazy ideas about sex!



But Milton is NOT under 16! He's FORTY and your Husband!

What

great

idea!

1'11

do



know!

That's

what

I don't want HIM to get



mine is a hypochondriac! She's always worrying about her health!

she's completely "inner-directed"! She obviously thinks only of herself!



The thing to do is to get her to think about someone ELSE for a change! Why not pretend that YOU'RE sick? She'll get so involved in taking care of you, she'll forget about herself!



Honey, I'm not feeling too well! I've got the shakes, and I break out in a cold sweat, and I'm sick to my stomach!



HEY!! Don't

put your

hands on the

My poor I'M NOT GOING darling! **NEAR YOU!!** I know iust what to



Er-uh-c'mon, Walt! Take it easy! Something could happen!

Stop worrying! The worst that can happen is we get killed!



I mean it, Walt! No kiddin'! I'm really scared! So cool it!

There's nothing to be scared about! What's a little fatal accident?!



Wow! That was some wild ride!!

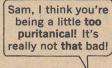


You're liable to scratch the paint job!!



No, you don't! You're not going out on the street with the hem of your skirt where your neckline should be!

Mother, that PRUDE you married is giving me a hard time!



See?! Even Mother says you're wrong!



I don't care WHAT she says! She never saw how dirty old men leer at girls who are dressed like that!

Oh, yeah! How would YOU know!?













I'm scared stiff to bring this Report Card home! My Mother is gonna have a fit!

Gee. did you do THAT badly? Le'see-

Hey! You're crazy!! You've got FANTASTIC marks! This report card must be the best one in your class!



So it's a LITTLE better than yours!! Why are you afraid to show this card to your Mother?

Because CRAIG's Mother and MY Mother are best friends!















Boy, thanks for telling





Who hasn't!? It's supposed to be good times! But with inflation, how far does money go? You make good money and it fools you! All that happens is: The more you make, the more in debt you get!





It's



Yeah! I just got

You kids worry me! Don't you have anything better to do than sit around and listen to that awful music? When I was your age, I was out making MONEY!!

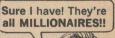


That was the trouble with your generation! The only thing you thought about was money! Your heroes were the Millionaires!

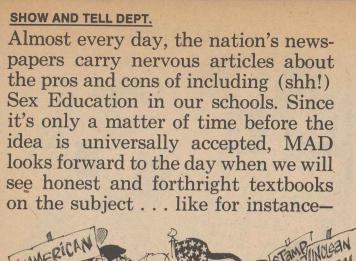


Well, we're not concerned with the materialistic approach to life! Our music speaks for us! You probably never heard of our heroes: The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, The Rolling Stones-

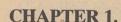


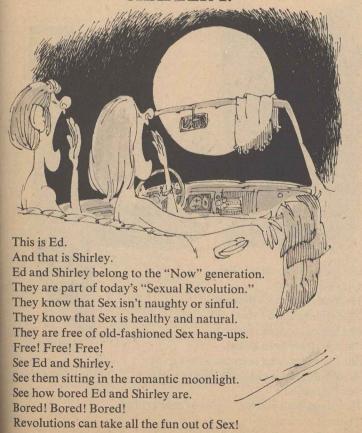












CHAPTER 2.

THE MAD

SEX EDUCATION

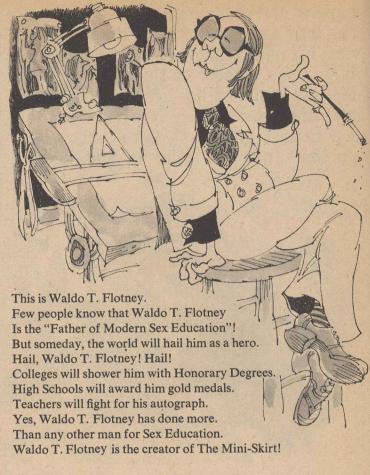
PRIMER



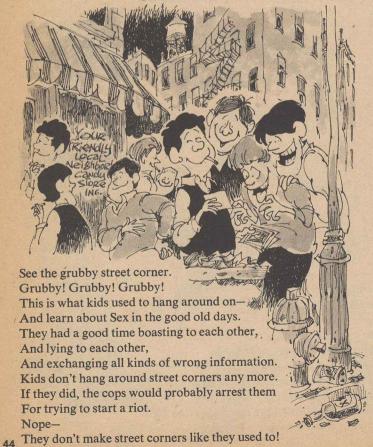
CHAPTER 3.



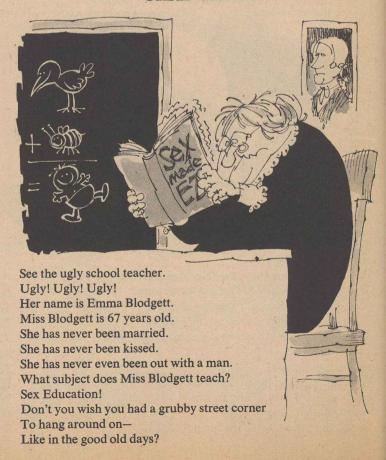
CHAPTER 4.



CHAPTER 5.



CHAPTER 6.



CHAPTER 7.





Marvin is an actor.

Some say he is a great actor.

Great! Great! Great!

Some say he is the greatest actor in the world.

Marvin has always received sensational, rave reviews.

Marvin has always played to packed houses.

Marvin has always had his pick of roles.

Today, Marvin is "at liberty."

Marvin cannot get a job in the theater.

Nobody will give him a part.

Nobody! Nobody! Nobody!

Why is Marvin out of work if he's such a great actor?

Marvin looks awful without any clothes on!



CHAPTER 9.



This is Mr. Trifniff.

He is head of the "Clean Minds Committee."

He strongly objects to today's loose morality.

Mr. Trifniff has had a hard day.

He has been out lecturing against Sex.

He has been out suing publishers of Sexy books.

He has been out threatening retailers of Sexy magazines.

He has been out picketing exhibitors of Sexy movies.

Now, Mr. Trifniff is very tired.

Tired, tired, tired.

He is relaxing in front of his Television set,

Watching people being shot and stabbed and strangled

And beaten and lynched and maimed and tortured.

Mr. Trifniff knows the difference

Between what is right . . . and what is wrong!

CHAPTER 10.



This is a Censor's stamp.

The handsome man's wife . . .

And the pretty lady's husband!

It is used to blot out dirty, offensive words

In books and magazines.

For example, it is used to blot out words like

CENSORED, and CENSORED, Also CENSORED,

And especially CENSORED .

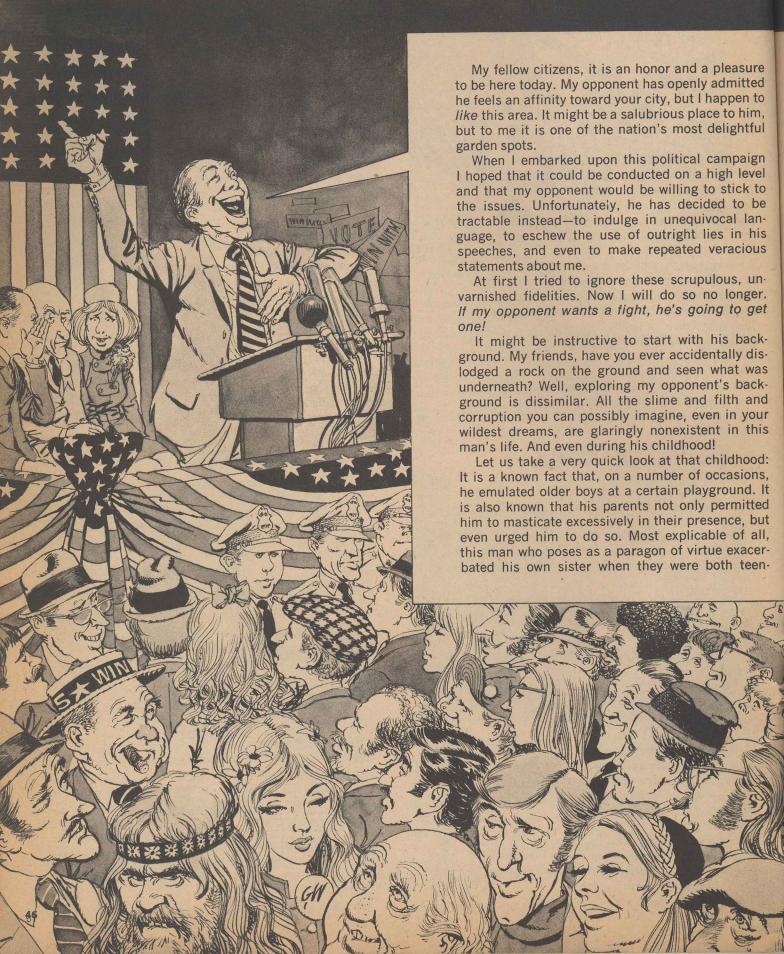
But some dirty, offensive words are never censored.

Words like "wop" and "kike" and "Polack" and "nigger"!

Is it possible that our Censors

Are full of CENSORED ?

MAD'S GUARANTEED NON-SLANDEROUS ALL-OCCASION NON-SLANDEROUS



POLITICAL SMEAR SPEECH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: BILL GARVIN

agers!

I ask you, my fellow Americans: is this the kind of person we want in public office to set an example for our youth?

Of course, it's not surprising that he should have such a typically pristine background—no, not when you consider the other members of his family:

His female relatives put on a constant pose of purity and innocence, and claim they are inscrutable, yet every one of them has taken part in hortatory activities.

The men in the family are likewise completely amenable to moral suasion.

My opponent's second cousin is a Mormon.

His uncle was a flagrant heterosexual.

His sister, who has always been obsessed by sects, once worked as a proselyte outside a church.

His father was secretly chagrined at least a dozen times by matters of a pecuniary nature.

His youngest brother wrote an essay extolling the virtues of being a homo sapiens.

His great-aunt expired from a degenerative disease.

His nephew subscribes to a phonographic magazine.

His wife was a thespian before their marriage and even performed the act in front of paying customers.

And his own mother had to resign from a woman's organization in her later years because she was an admitted sexagenarian.

Now what shall we say of the man himself?

I can tell you in solemn truth that he is the very antithesis of political radicalism, economic irre-

sponsibility and personal depravity. His own record proves that he has frequently discountenanced treasonable, un-American philosophies and has perpetrated many overt acts as well.

He perambulated his infant son on the street.

He practiced nepotism with his uncle and first ousin

He attempted to interest a 13-year-old girl in philately.

He participated in a seance at a private residence where, among other odd goings-on, there was incense.

He has declared himself in favor of more homogeneity on college campuses.

He has advocated social intercourse in mixed company—and has taken part in such gatherings himself.

He has been deliberately averse to crime in our city streets.

He has urged our Protestant and Jewish citizens to develop more catholic tastes.

Last summer he committed a piscatorial act on a boat that was flying the American flag.

Finally, at a time when we must be on our guard against all foreign isms, he has coolly announced his belief in altruism—and his fervent hope that some day this entire nation will be altruistic!

I beg you, my friends, to oppose this man whose life and work and ideas are so openly and avowedly compatible with our American way of life. A vote for him would be a vote for the perpetuation of everything we hold dear.

The facts are clear; the record speaks for itself. Do your duty.



HEY, GANG! HERE'S YOUR SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE BONUS:

8 DON MARTIN
VITAL MESSAGE
POSTERS

TO DEFACE YOUR WALLS

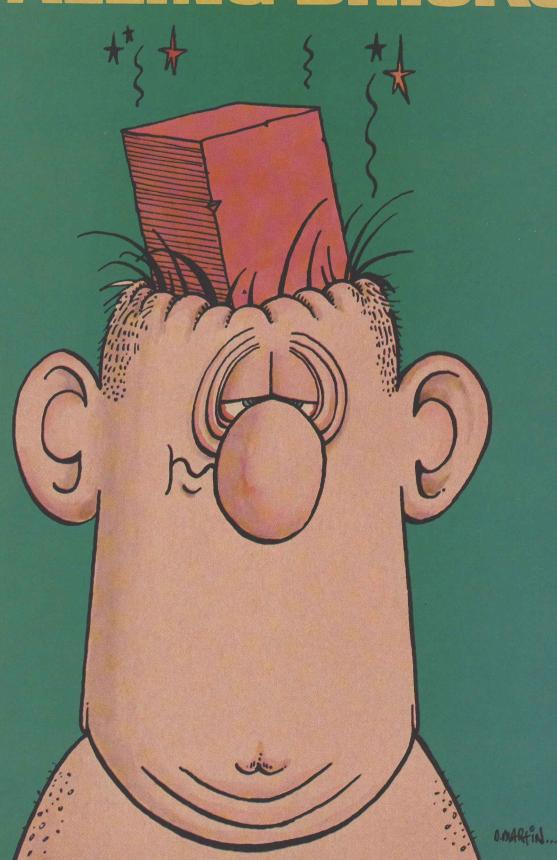
8 DON MARTIN & ART DEPRECIATION PAINTINGS

TO DISGRACE YOUR WALLS

TOO BAD IF YOU WANT TO HANG UP ALL 16 AT THE SAME TIME!
(Unless you—heh-heh—buy two copies of this Super Special!)



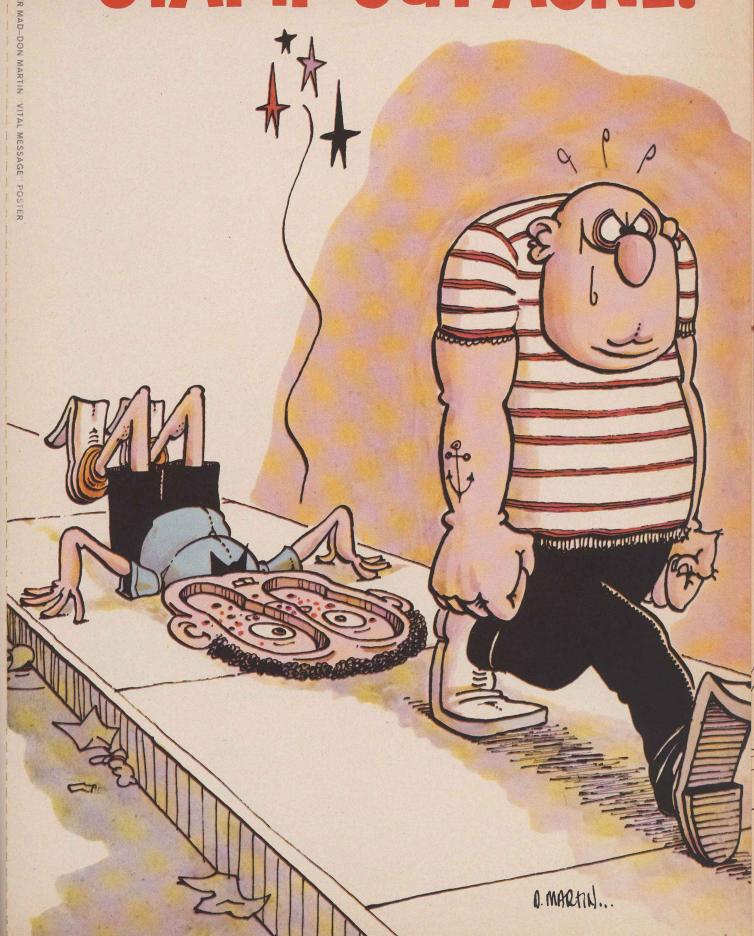
WATCH OUT FOR FALLING BRICKS



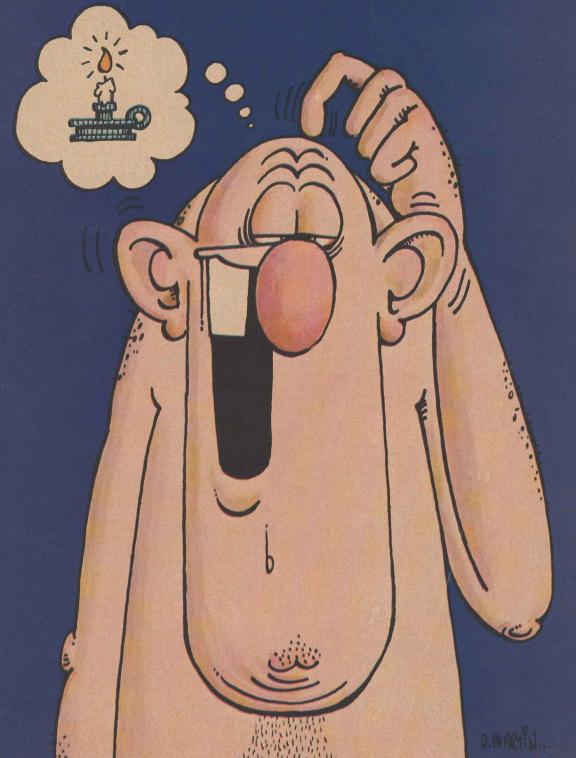
JOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE"



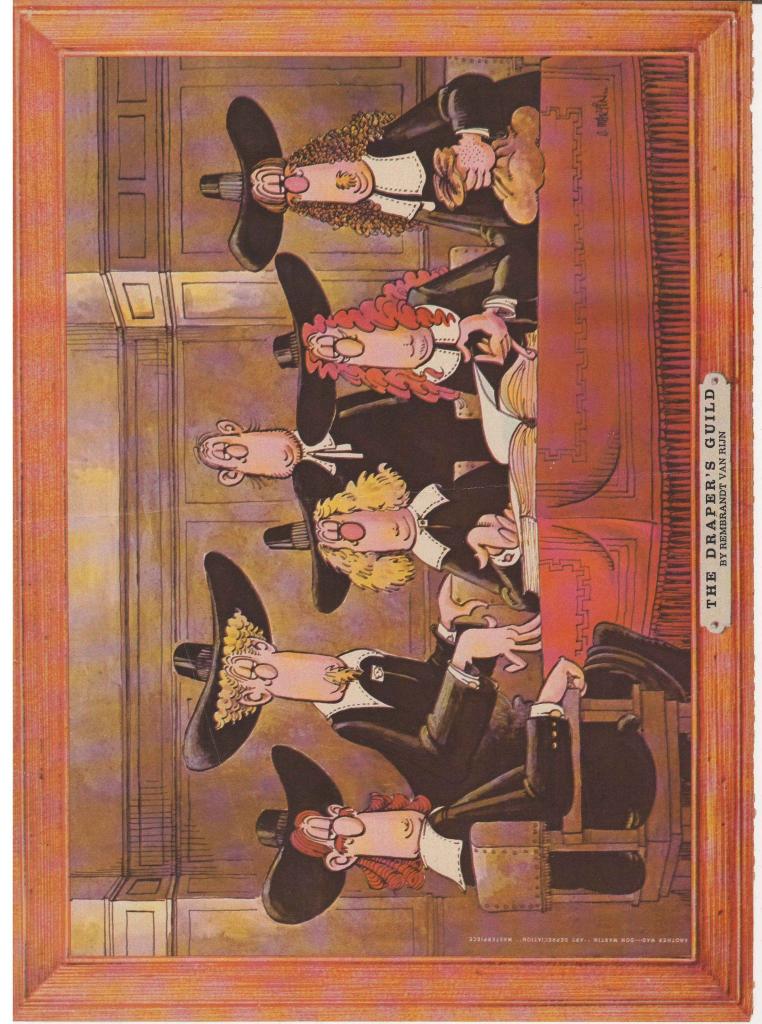
STAMP OUT ACNE!





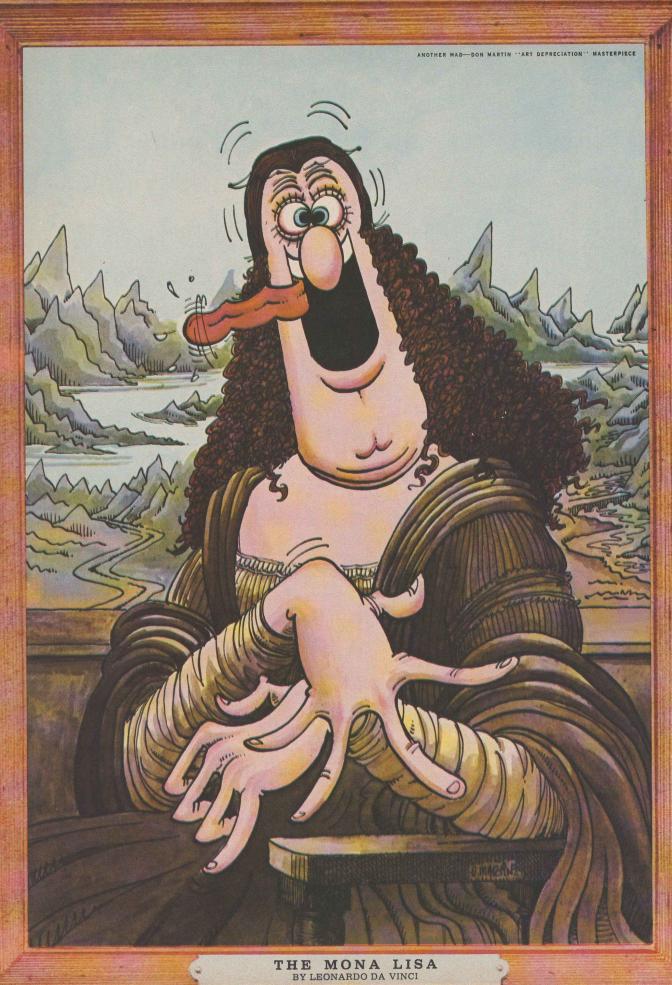


DESSEN TELLIA WILLER WOOLDEN SEHLONE

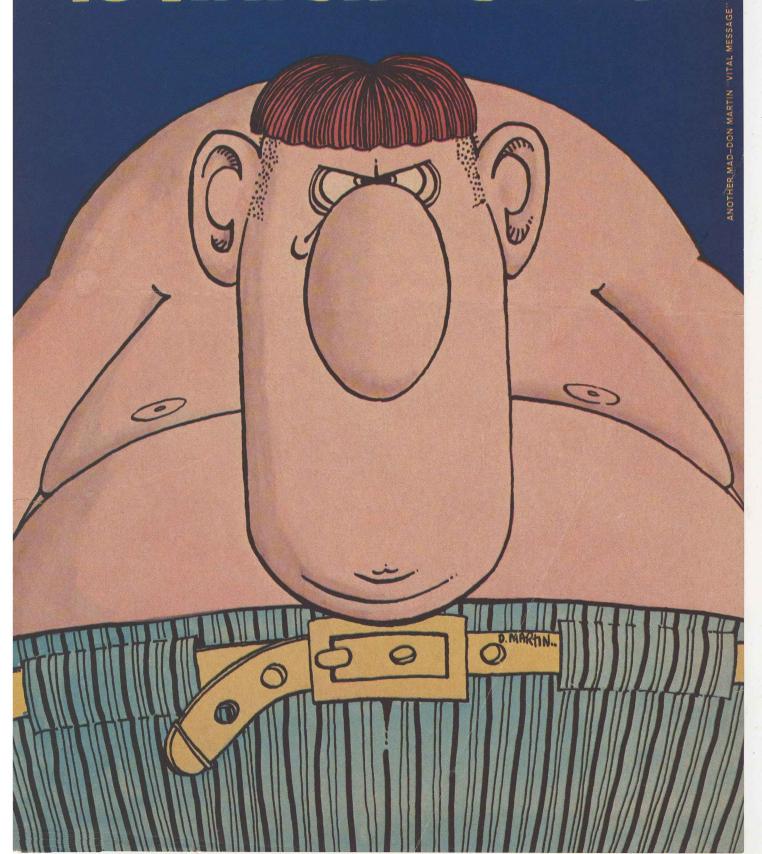


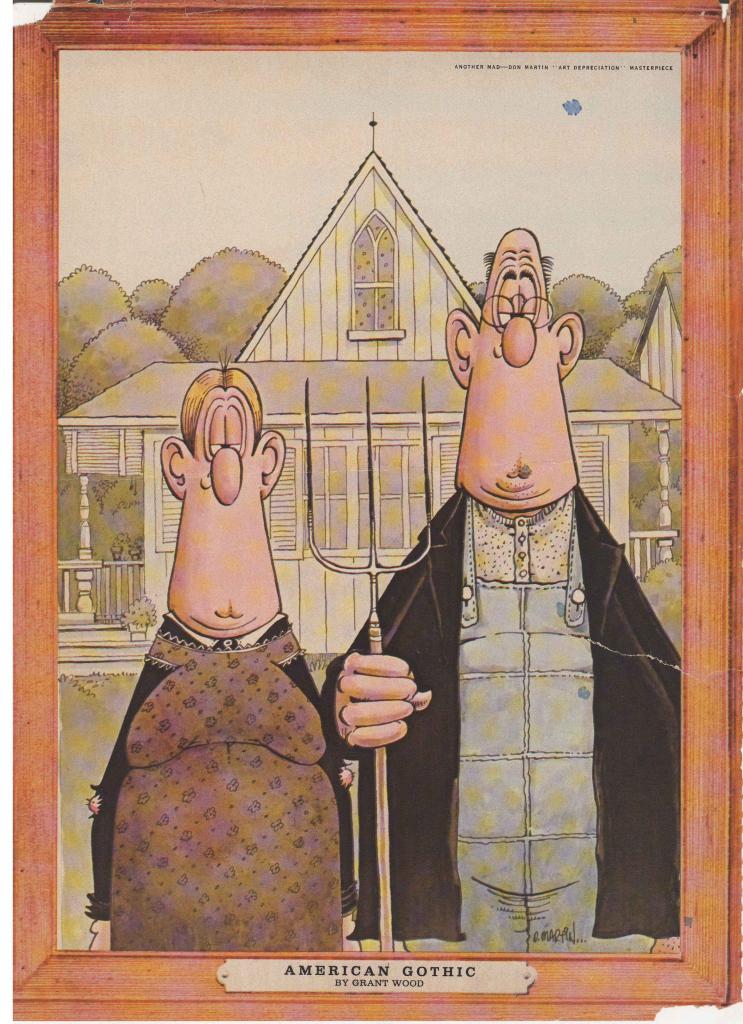


Give To The United Plebney Fund

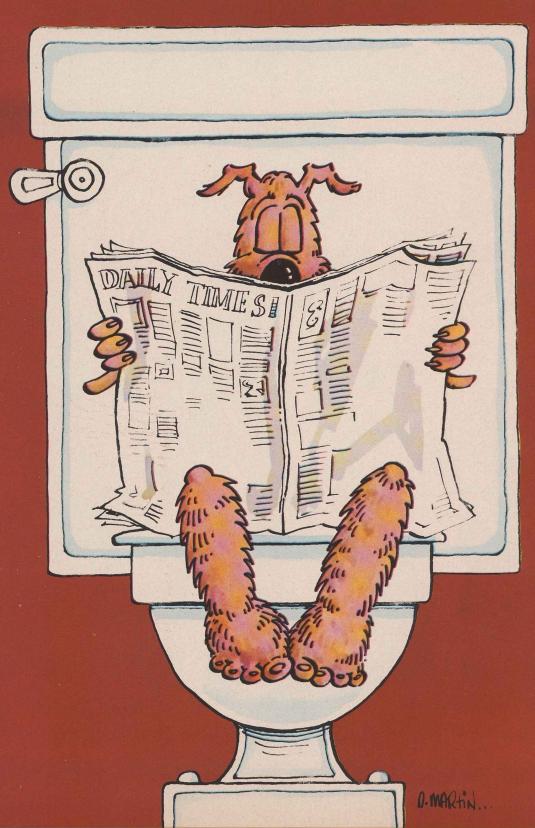


FOREBORE IS WATCHING YOU!





KEEP OUR SIDEWALKS CLEAN TOILET TRAIN YOUR DOG

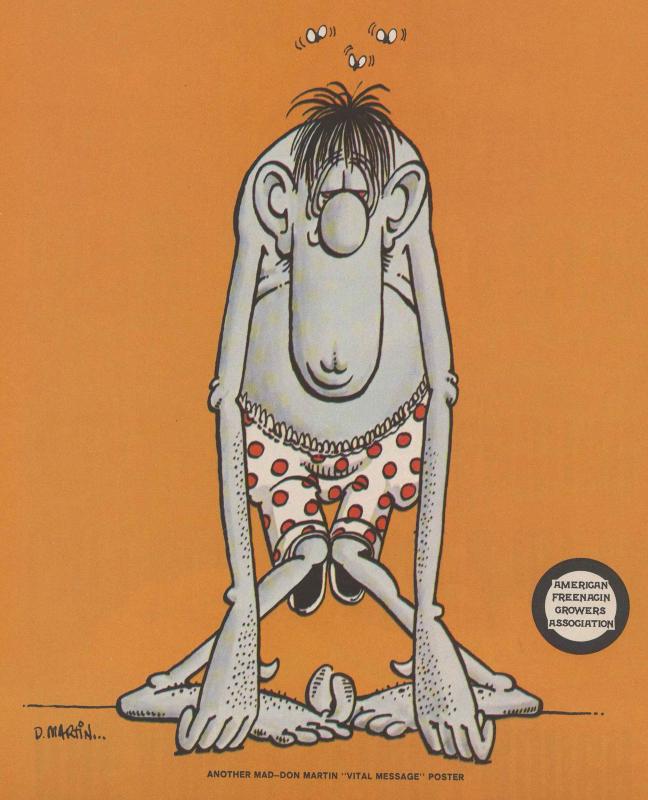


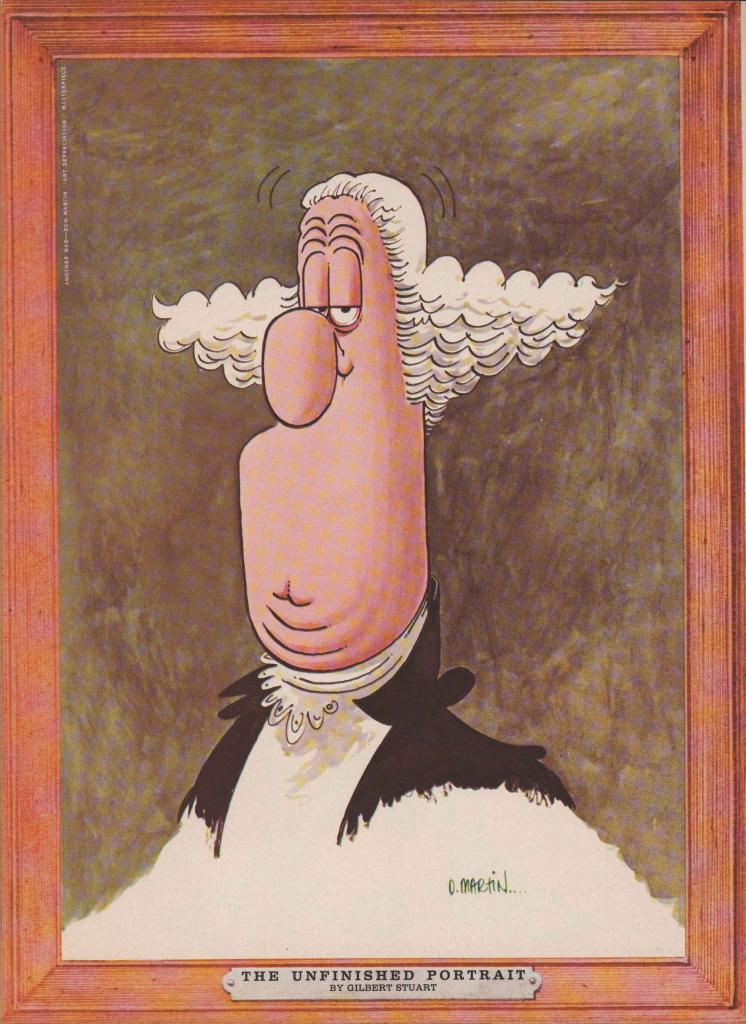
ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTE

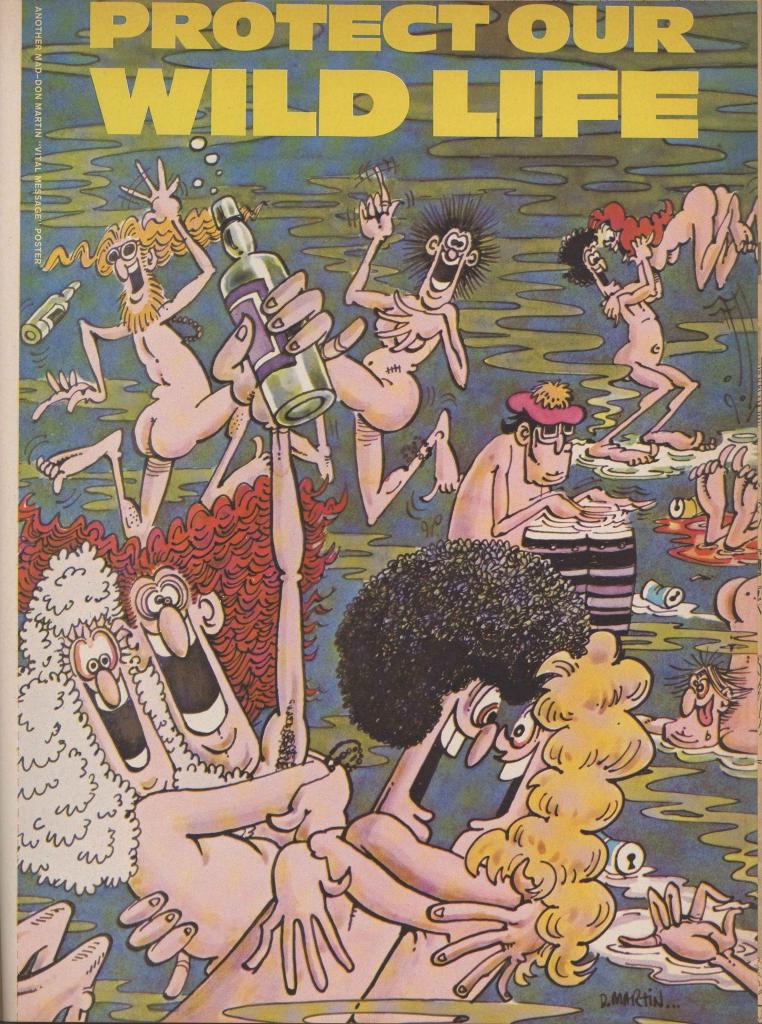


THE BIRTH OF VENUS
BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI

ARE YOU GETTING ENOUGH FREENACIN IN YOUR DIET?



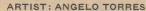






Can a beautiful Debutante from Nob Hill find happiness living in a Police Station with an ill-tempered but lovable Chief of Detectives, a former Juvenile Delinquent, and a handsome but dull Police Sergeant? For the answer to this and other equally ridiculous questions, join us now for MAD's version of "One Cop's Family", namely

IRONRIDE



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



































Hey, gang! It's "Vacation Time" again...which means that "Vacation Resorts" are advertising like crazy again, too. And so, in order to keep you from being conned, thereby avoiding anger, resentment and disappointment when selecting a place for Summertime Fun, MAD now presents a simple course in

HOW TO READ A RESORT AD

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL

Come spend some peaceful, restful days at...

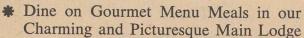
Paradise In The Pines

ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS

A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU





- * Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach
- * Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports
- * Commune with Nature along one of our many beautiful Scenic Hiking Trails
- * Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby



PARADISE in the PINES is easy to find—just follow the signs!

THE ABOVE IS A TYPICAL RESORT AD. NOW, TURN THE PAGE FOR MAD'S ASTUTE ANALYSIS!

peaceful, restful days



The freight trains only run on the tracks behind your cabin at night!

ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE



... which is a good two miles down the road!

Dine on Gourmet Menu Meals



... except that we're always out of everything on the menu but the Hamburger and the "Chef's Surprise"!

Charming and Picturesque Main Lodge



It hasn't been painted or repaired for years!

Commune with Nature



We're plagued with spiders and wasps!

Scenic Hiking Trails



... to the "Johns", other facilities, and the fancy resort next door!

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS



The cabins are only five feet apart!

Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach



It's "Uncrowded" because the water's polluted!

Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby



Mainly, "Souvenir Stands" and other "Tourist Traps"

A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU



If you can find one of them!

Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports



Mostly after the frequent flash floods!

easy to find—just follow the signs!



They're all along the "old" highway!

One of the most popular pastimes in this country today is "nostalgia". People seem to enjoy reminiscing about the past. And the largest group of reminiscers is the "over-30" crowd. Naturally, they're forever taking fond backward looks at the decade they grew up in . . . the 1930's. In fact, there must be hundreds of nostalgia books and nostalgia articles written about the 1930's . . . and they all go something like this . . .

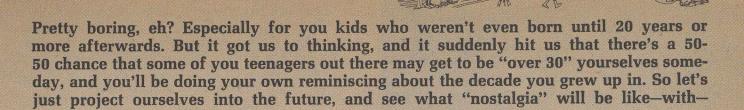
A Nostalgic Look At The Thirties

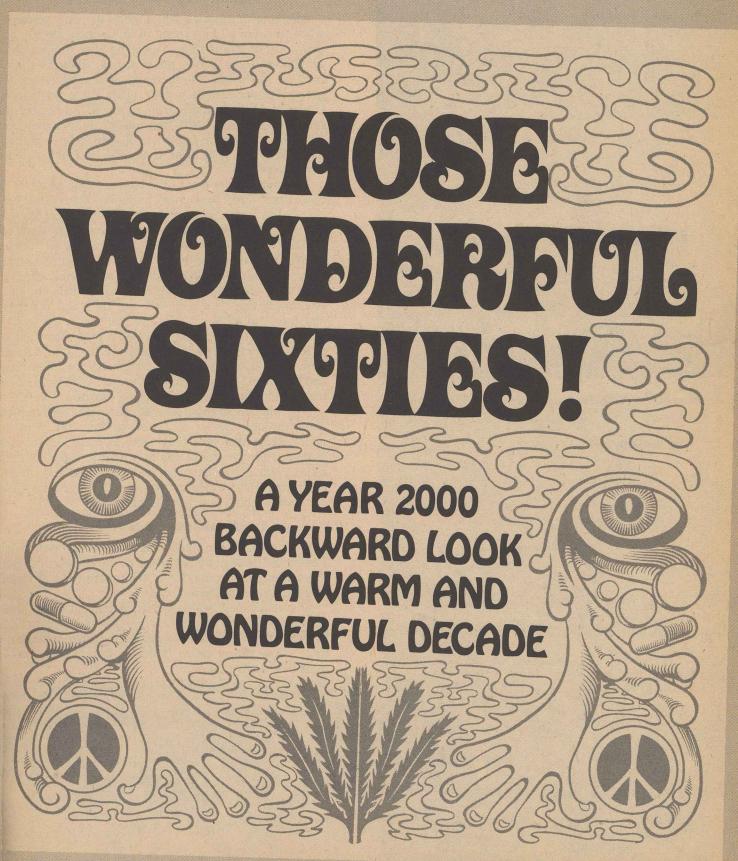


How many of you remember those wild, wonderful Thirties? That devil-may-care decade when students used to sit on flagpoles, or compete in marathon dances?

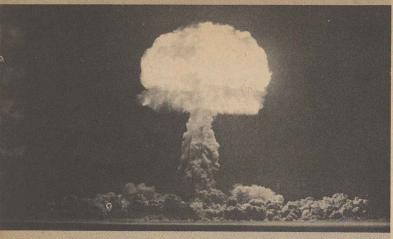
When knickers and button caps were in style for boys? When you used to put on a raccoon coat and take your best girl for a spin in a roadster with a rumble seat?

Who remembers "Wrong-Way" Corrigan? Remember when everyone was singing "The Music Goes' Round And' Round"? When those kooky Busby Berkeley musicals were so popular? When we all used to sit glued to our radios listening to Amos'n Andy, Jack Armstrong and Eddie Cantor? Ah, those were the good old days!





Remember the funny mushroom clouds those H-Bombs made?



Wasn't it fun the way cars and factories polluted the air?



Remember the way jet planes used to make our ears go pop?



Remember Hippies and Yippies and the wild things they wore?



Well, here it is the year 2000 and we're moving not only into a new century but into a new millenium. And yet as we move forward, many of us can't help looking backward at some of our fond memories of the past. For instance, how many of you can still recall those wild, warm, wacky, wonderful Sixties? What a decade! What do you say? Ready for a trip down Memory Lane?

Sights And Sounds of the Sixties

Memories, memories. Ah, it seems like only yesterday when we were all kids living in those crazy 1960's, and it was just one nutty thing happening after another. Who remembers those kooky things called "H-Bombs" that used to go boom, boom, boom—over and under the ground? Remember how they made those goofy politicians and silly generals giggle so much? Remember the funny mushroom clouds they made? Who remembers milk? Remember the funny way it used to taste in those days? Why don't we drink milk anymore? What's happened to us?

Who remembers one of the Number One pastimes in those crazy days? Remember pollution? Remember how we used to say to each other, "Hey, gang, what do you say we go out and pollute?" Was that ever fun! Remember those silly little cars and those cockeyed factory smokestacks that used to do it so well. And remember those adorable oil wells? And those wonderful, mischievous guys who owned them? Remember their big kick: swallowing fish. Not gold fish, but tuna and mackerel and bass and all the marine life that got in the way of those nutty oil slicks. Were they ever a wild, crazy bunch!

Remember those big leafy things we used to call trees? Remember how those goofy builders used to come along and bop them? Who remembers forests? Who remembers the Grand Canyon before it became Levittown West?

And what about those silly jet planes that used to plod along through the air at a slow-motion 700 miles an hour? Remember how they used to make our houses rattle and the wonderful way they used to make our ears go pop, pop, pop? Remember what they used to do to our eardrums? Hey, whatever happened to eardrums? We don't know about you, but we miss them!

Dress And Grooming In The Sixties

What a decade the Sixties was for dress and grooming. Remember those nutty beads and those wild earrings and those kooky hair rollers? And then there were all those crazy things the *girls* used to wear!

Who remembers beards and sideburns and Fu Manchu moustaches? Who remembers hippies and yippies and the wild things they used to wear? Hey, who remembers those goofy things called baths? You don't? Come to think of it, neither do we.

Remember the wild, crazy Black African Look of the '60's?



What about that wild look of the Sixties? Remember springy, thick, black hair, fierce eyes, flaring nostrils, and an angry mouth? It was called the Black African Look. And remember standing-up hair, frightened eyes, shaky knees, and total fear? That was called the White American Look. It became very popular right after the Black African Look. Did we ever have fun in those happy, carefree days!

Entertainment And Cultures In The Sixties

How many of you remember television in the Sixties? Remember how primitive it was in those days? You could see it and hear it, but you couldn't feel it and smell it like today. Well, actually you could smell it, but it was a different *kind* of a smell.

Remember those Saturday morning kiddie shows? Remember how they used to go on and on into Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening and all day and all night Sunday and Monday and Tuesday and all week? Remember how *all* television was kiddie shows in those wonderful days?

Wasn't it fun watching TV in the Fabulous Sixties? Remember all those important things it taught us about life? Like how great it was to be a widow, what fun it was to be a prisoner of war, and how wonderful it was to be young and alive and in love and a hillbilly with an IQ of 14.

Hey, who remembers those kooky films of the Sixties? Remember how hardly anyone ever wore clothes in those fun pictures? Remember the fun people they used to make pictures about? Like Al Capone, Bonnie and Clyde, and the Marquis de Sade. What a bunch of lovable nuts!

Remember the lessons we learned from films in the Sixties? Like man should love his fellow man. Did you ever remember seeing so many men loving other men in all your life, on the screen?

And who remembers music in those wild, wonderful days? Those nutty rock festivals, when hundreds and thousands of us teenagers used to gather to dance on huge fields, and continue dancing in those goofy paddy wagons and in those funny ambulances and in those silly police stations. What a blast!

And who remembers the biggest, nuttiest, wildest blast of them all during the Sixties: the war in Vietnam? No music, but what a great Sound!

Remember the books we used to read in those days? Remember that cuckoo—Myra Breckenridge, who changed from a boy to a girl? And that crazy shut-in—Fanny Hill? And who remembers wild, wacky, lovable Portnoy? Remember the fellow with the complaint? Remember how he was always searching, searching for love—and then he found himself!

What's become of the sweet innocence of the past?

How about the long hem-line that was popular in the South?



Who can forget the Mini-Mini-Mini Skirts of the crazy 60's?



Wasn't it fun watching Kiddie TV Shows in those wild days?



Who remembers the kooky movies they made in those days?



Remember the valuable lessons we learned from those films?



Who remembers those nutty Rock Festivals they used to have?

Remember the silly books we used to read in those days?



Those way-out, zany guys with their way-out zany ideas.



Who remembers those wacky girls of the wild wacky '60's?



Zany Characters of the Sixties

When you think back to the Sixties, you have to admit that never before in one decade has there ever been such a collection of unpredictable nuts.

Remember those way-out zany guys with their wayout zany ideas like Abbie Hoffman, Andy Warhol, Stanley Kubrick and The Pope?

Who remembers those whacky gals of the sixties, like Shirley MacLaine, Barbra Streisand, Debbie Reynolds and Tiny Tim? Were they ever kooks!

Who remembers those great Sports figures, like Mickey Mantle, Johnny Unitas, Arnold Palmer and Hugh Hefner! Boy, those guys knew how to play!

Remember those beloved teams of the Sixties? Like the Green Bay Packers? The New York Yankees? The Boston Celtics? The Mafia? *They* never used to lose!

Remember some of those great Comedy Teams of the decade: Nichols and May, Rowan and Martin, Wallace and Maddox?

There were some real far out doctors in those days. Who remembers that dedicated pill-pusher, Dr. Timothy Leary? Boy, could *he* write a prescription!

And who remembers those silver-tongued orators like Ralph Nader, who exposed the irresponsibility of our Automobile Industry . . . Marshall McLuhan, who exposed the power of our Mass Media . . . and Spiro Agnew, who exposed the hazards of our Political System?

And then there was Richard the Robot. Remember him? The first mechanical man to run a country. Remember his wife, Plastic Pat? Weren't they both adorable manufactured people? Remember how every year they used to send a Father's Day card to a Madison Avenue ad agency?

Memories, memories.

Remember when the long hem-line was so popular in the South? Remember the prevailing fashion down there in the wonderful Sixties: Ku Klux Klan white? Remember the rest of the ensemble: beige whips and cerise fire bombs? What a bunch of rascally zanies used to wear them! Why do we take ourselves so seriously nowadays?

Remember the mini-skirt? Which led to the mini-mini-mini-skirt? Which led to the see-through blouse? Which led to maternity dresses and that wild, wonderful population explosion we remember and love about the Sixties!

Fads and Kicks of the Sixties

In the fabulous Sixties it seems that every time you looked around some nut was coming up with another wonderful new fad, some screwball kick to help pass away those lazy, crazy hours.

Who remembers "Trampoline-Jumping"? And "Body-Painting"? And "Surfboard-Riding"? And "Sky-Diving"? And "Jetplane-Hijacking"? What thrills!

Boy, those great Sports figures really knew how to play!



Who remembers "Window-Shopping" in the Sixties? Was that ever a fun fad! What a great way to kill a few hours on a Sunday. Remember how you'd put on your best clothes, take your best girl on one arm, a brick in your hand and go shopping *inside* store windows.

Who remembers that nutty game called, "Going To The Races?" When black folks and white folks would visit each other with guns, and those kicky cans of Mace, and tear gas. Laughs! There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd!

Remember how just about everybody used to engage in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling." It was so easy to play. All you needed was a mob and a cop to yell at. Life was so simple in those days. Where have we gone wrong?

Who remembers that great game we used to play in school called, "Leaving The Room." Remember the surprises we used to find waiting for us in the Boy's Room—like pot and speed and LSD, and all those other crazy between-meal snacks? Remember the surprises the girls used to find waiting for them in the Girl's Room—like boys?

Memories, memories.

Remember those goofy college songs we used to sing on campus? Like "Vanderbilt Is Falling Down, Falling Down"; "Stanford's Burning, Stanford's Burning"; "I Just Made A Wreck Out of Georgia Tech," and so on. Remember those crazy pranks we used to pull on the Chancellors and the Trustees? Remember that fun game we students used to play called, "Dean For A Day"?

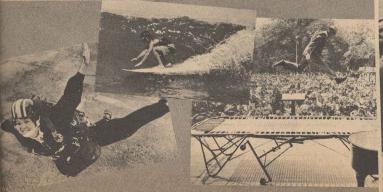
What about those crazy picnics we used to have in the city parks? Remember those wacky cops who used to hose us down? Remember how hard it was to set fire to wet draft cards? Remember how we'd carry on in the parks all night? Remember how we scared the hell out of the muggers? Those were the days!

It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years. Remember some of the catchy tunes of the Sixties? Like, "Two-Four-Six-Eight We Don't Wanna Integrate"? And what about that silly ditty, "Hell No, We Won't Go"? And then there was the Number One hit song of the decade. Everyone was singing it in those days. Remember how it went: "%#\$@!*! @\$#\$!(*&! @#@\$#&\$*%! *&¢%\$#(#*#! \$%\$¢##!!!"

And then there was the Biggest Sound of all during the Sixties. Who remembers coughing? Ah, how we coughed in those wonderful days. Remember smog and those nutty things called cigarettes? We were a wild, carefree nation of coughers. Somehow, we don't cough like that anymore. Oh sure, we wheeze a little, and harrumph sometimes, but the magic is gone from our coughing nowadays. What went wrong? What's missing from our coughing?

Hey, who remembers lungs?

Someone was always coming up with another wonderful fad.



Remember engaging in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling"?



Wasn't it fun to go "Window Shopping" back in those days?



Remember that wild, nutty game called "Going To The Races"?



It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years!



COMES THE YAWN DEPT.

You Know You're REA

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...



... you're at the beach, and your date buries himself in the sand ... completely.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...



... a letter you wrote home to your Mother is returned unopened with the notation: "Nobody here by that name!" ... and the notation is in your Mother's handwriting.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .



... obscene phone-callers hang up on you.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .



... you're in Confession, and your Priest interrupts you to ask: "What's a 3-letter word for a European Blackbird?"

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When...



... people at parties always seem to mistake you for a hypnotist.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...



64.. even the Avon Lady won't call on you.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When..



... your psychiatrist has "Let's Make A Deal" on his TV set during your sessions.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .



... you overhear the F.B.I. man who's tapping your phone humming to himself.

LYA BORE When...

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER:
STAN HART

OU Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...



.. your friend cuts your visit short by saying, "I've get a million things to do!" ... and he's in traction.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When...



... your dentist makes you keep the cotton swabs in your mouth until you're out of his office.

You Know You're
REALLY A BORE When...



... your guests ask to see your home movies.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When...



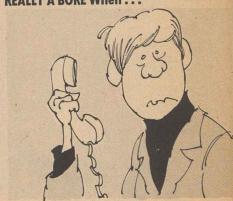
... your teacher thanks you for answering a question before you finish answering it.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When...



... the barber puts a hot towel over your face, and you're only getting a haircut.

You Know You're
REALLY A BORE When . . .



... a girl breaks a date with you in order to go to a Montreal Expos-San Diego Padres double-header.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...



... the little old lady you've helped half-way across the street runs the rest of the way herself.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When ...

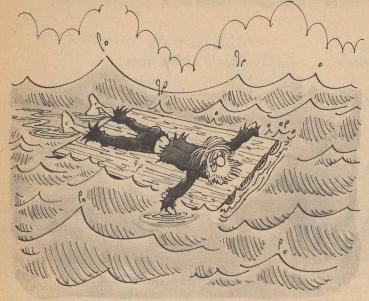


... your whole life suddenly flashes before your eyes, and it doesn't even hold your interest.



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE DAY AT THE OCEAN













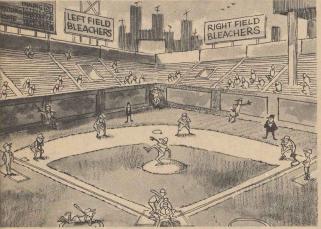
Since its birth in 1839, Baseball has seen only one major change. Thanks to the architectural engineering achievement of the Houston Astrodome, America's dullest outdoor sport for the past 130 years has now become America's dullest indoor sport as well! And so, in order to save this dying sport from total extinction, we now present . . .

The MAD Plan For Combatting... The Boredom of Baseball

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

HERE ARE A FEW MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME MORE EXCITING BY CHANGING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES



Place the diamond at the opposite end of the field, out by the bleacher section. In that way, only the unfortunates who cannot afford to pay for better seats will have to watch the game close at hand.



Erect wide steel girders in front of every other seat. In that way, half the audience will be fortunate enough to have their view of the playing field blocked, and they will be far more effectively entertained by the wild graffiti scribbled on them.

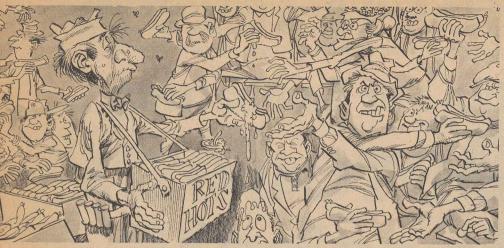


Eliminate all seats and/or walls in the outfield. This will make it possible for everyone to watch the "Auto Thrill Show," starring the latecomer baseball fans, who perform crazily each night in the stadium parking lots.



Reduce the distance between bases to only ten feet, thereby cutting down the running time of the game. Also, if enough line drives are hit, it will, in time, kill off all available infielders, thus putting an end to the game once and for all.

AND HERE ARE SEVERAL MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME



Eliminate all but one Vendor, and assign him to one section. This will mean that at least 75% of the people at the game will be spending most of their time passing hot dogs, beer and soft drinks back and forth around the field. (This idea was tested at a recent Met game, where it was recorded that the sellout crowd passed 285,750 hot dogs an average of half-way around Shea Stadium, and that of these, 175,225 had to be returned for more mustard.)



Print duplicate tickets for most seats. This will mean that two, three or four people would have a ticket for the same seat, resulting in marvelous arguments and even bloody fist fights . . . all more exciting to watch than the stupid game.



Hire only fat ex-policemen, 65 or over, as Stadium Guards. Then, several times during every game, release a very fast dog or a wiry teenager onto the playing field. This should provide lots of laughs as the old cops try to run 'em down.



Train several dummy Television Cameras with red lights on the fans in the stands so they can spend the whole game turning and waving at people they hope are idiot enough to be watching and looking for them back home.



Permit only ladies in the park on Ladies Days. Then, whenever a play is made, the game will be stopped and the players will explain what happened. After 3 innings, the game will stop completely and the players will go up into the stands and just sit around for 2 hours, gossiping and drinking and doing all the things ladies dig.



Supply players with uniforms that are much too small so that when they bend to pick up a ball or a bat, there will be much hilarity.

MORE EXCITING BY USING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES



Pass out Bingo cards at the entry gates, and play Bingo during the actual game, using the players' numbers as they come to bat. When a spectator gets five in a line, he yells out "Bingo!"—and play is held up while he comes onto the field and collects a valuable prize.



At some point during every game when there is no threat of rain, fire hoses will be turned on the playing field signifying the start of the Tarpaulin-Rolling Race. Four teams of pot-bellied maintenance men will attempt to roll four extremely heavy tarpaulins onto the field, unfold them, spread them out, walk around on them, then fold them up again and roll them back off the field—all this while the game is going on.



Replace those Jeeps—now used to bring Relief Pitchers in from Bull Pens in most parks—with Kids' Tricycles, thus damaging the Pitcher's moral even before he gets to the mound. This will make for a better hitting game.



Use only one baseball per game. This will mean that when a foul ball or a home run is hit, the players will literally have to race into the stands to retrieve it, thus affording fans an opportunity to meet their favorite stars personally.



Hire only Alcoholic Illiterates as Scoreboard Keepers. This will insure that wild errors will take place, especially with the ball-and-strike count, and those important out-of-town scores.



Hire only inept Ground Keepers so that balls will roll, jump and hop erratically. This will make the players look bad, allowing the fans to make wisecracks and throw things like empty bottles which will be lying at their feet, since the parks will never be swept out either.

DISH-ENCHANTMENT DEPT.

When "Frozen Foods" were first introduced, the innovation was greeted by housewives with wil cries of joy. But all that has changed. Today, "Frozen Foods" are looked upon as a housewife "cop-out"! Today, if a housewife serves her family "Frozen TV Dinners" or other Frozen Disher it means she's lazy and she lacks imagination. In short, when the family sees "Frozen Foods"

MAD'S FRO THAT FAKE

MAD'S FROZEN BURNT VEGETABLES



CONTENTS: One pound of burned carrotsand-peas, plus one packet of carrotscrapings and empty pea pods, plus one miniature spray can of "CHAR-SMELL".

INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw burned carrots-and-peas and heat in saucepan for 5 minutes. Sprinkle carrot scrapings and empty pea pods liberally around sink, spray "Char-Smell" around kitchen to simulate odor of burning, and serve family while sobbing, "—after all my hard work!"

the table, it knows that dear old Mom has spent the afternoon watching the "Boob Tube" or ying "Mah-Jongg" or picketing the local School Board. However, thanks to MAD's inventive ius, we can now offer Mom a solution. Now she can enjoy the convenience of Frozen Foods and I maintain the status of a woman who does her own cooking! All she has to do is start using

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

WRITER: SY REIT

2 slices of soggy pot roast, 1 over-cooked lamb chop, assorted ham fragments, half of a baked potato, and 1 shriveled tomato.

MIAD'S FROZEN "LEFTOVERS"



DIRECTIONS: Heat contents of package in 350° oven for 15-20 minutes, remove and place on platter, and bring to table while making cheery comments like: "Waste not . . . want not!" or "It's a sin to throw out perfectly good food!" or "Think of all the people starving in India!"

NOTE: TOP OFF THIS DELICIOUS "LEFTOVERS MEAL" WITH A PACKAGE OF "LEFTOVERS DESSERT". CONTAINS: TWO SLICES OF CONGEALED PEACH PIE, 1 STALE "HOMEBAKED" BLUEBERRY MUFFIN, HALF A CUPCAKE, 3 BROKEN ASSORTED COOKIES, AND A CUP OF PARTIALLY-EATEN CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

MAD'S FROZEN NON-RISING

"HOMEBAKED" CAKE

CONTENTS: One three-layer chocolate cake, guaranteed to remain flat and soggy; and one plastic container of special "runny sauce".

INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw cake at room temperature. Pour special "runny sauce" over top, and while serving, apologize for failure of cake to rise. Also apologize for consistency of icing. Spend balance of meal brooding unhappily over "what went wrong?"—and at the same time, impressing family with all the hard work that goes into baking a cake to begin with. Wind up blaming Husband for everything, pointing out that he's too cheap to replace crummy old kitchen stove.



MAD'S FROZEN

"NEVER AGAIN"

CHICKEN SALAD

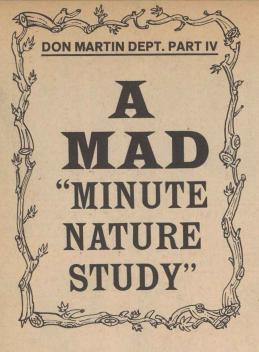
CONTENTS: Three pounds of quick-frozen chicken salad, PLUS one packet of "Kitchen Mess" containing assorted carrot greens, radish tips, celery stalk tops, etc. PLUS two pre-bloodied Band Aids.



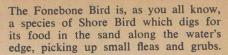
INSTRUCTIONS: Thaw chicken salad at room temperature and place in salad bowl. Scatter contents of "Kitchen Mess" packet all over counter tops to give the impression of lengthy preparation. Place pre-bloodied Band Aids on fingers to simulate chopping cuts, and

serve salad while complaining about "...all the work involved!" Repeat "Never again! Never again!" frequently. For added effect, at end of meal, look at empty salad bowl and say something like "Boy, you work all day to make it, and it goes in two minutes!"

The state of the s



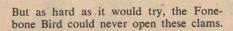
This is the Long-Legged Fonebone Bird . . . the most unusual and certainly the most *intelligent* bird ever to be found along the Southeast coast of the U.S.







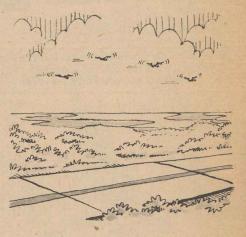
Occasionally, in its past, the Fonebone Bird would come up with a hard-shelled clam, and seemed to know instinctively that a delicious treat rested inside.



It was in 1928 that the Fonebone Bird's uncanny intelligence became apparent! Just three days after the new concrete highway was built, Fonebone Birds were seen flying across the marshes with the hard-shelled clams in their beaks . . .







... and dropping them on the new highway! They seemed to know that by dropping the clams on the hard pavement from high up in the air, the shells would crack wide open—

-and they could then swoop down and dine leisurely on the tender morsels that had rested inside!

Which is why the Fonebone Bird is fast becoming EXTINCT along the Southeast Coast of the U.S.!







THE LIGHTER SIDE OF ...

SUMM



No, I mean it! Here we are, packing to go to an expensive Summer Resort, and all I have is last year's wardrobe!

even worse problem!

I've

got an

What problem do YOU have? You've got ALL NICE **NEW THINGS!!**

That's my problem! I'm a teenager! I'm gonna stand out like a sore thumb in these!!

I'VE GOT NOTHING OLD TO WEAR!!



Look at those sun-bather-nuts! Did you ever notice how-while we're having fun playing volleyball, they just lie around in the heat day after day like idiots, doing nothing!?



I wonder how they get their kicks?



Look at those volley-ball-nuts, knocking themselves out in this heat day after day! I sure get a kick out of watching them make idiots of themselves!!



Er-pardon me, Clerk! I-er-I'm embarrassed to ask, but I-I really don't know WHO . . . or **HOW MUCH to tip!**

No reason to be embarrassed! It's a common problem! That's why the Management has compiled a list of suggestions!



Here you are. Sir!

Oh, my gosh! So many people!! The Maitre D', the Waiter, the Busboy, the Chambermaid, the Bellboy, the Athletic Staff, the Boatboy, and so on . .



It sure lists everybody who has their hand out!





ER RESORTS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Wow! That's some Breakfast they serve at this hote!! I'm so full, I can't budge! Let's sit here a while and talk! The sausages were scrumptious!
The pancakes were magnificent!
And the scrambled eggs . . . they
were simply out of this world!

Is that all you can talk about?! What you just had for Breakfast??

No, that's NOT all I can talk about!! Gee . . . I wonder what we're having for lunch??









Hey! Your ad said this was to be a "Swinging Singles Weekend"! There are plenty of single GIRLS . . . but where are the single MEN?

Actually, they're scared off by ads for these weekends! A single guy comes to a place like this only for what he can get! A single girl comes here to find a HUSBAND!

That's NOT TRUE!!



This is the age of sexual freedom!
Women are emancipated! Marriage
for us has been pushed into the
background! We are self-supporting!
Our careers come first! We are
independent and equal—and . . .



By the way, are you married?





You're crazy, Blanche! You've never played tennis before, you're only going to be at this resort for two weeks, and yet you went out and bought all that tennis equipment! Why, you must have spent a small fortune on all that stuff . . . and you don't even know the first thing about tennis!

know the first thing about tennis!!



I know I look GREAT in a white tennis outfit!!





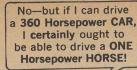




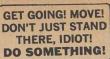




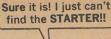




















Did you hear who the entertainment is in the Nightclub Theater tonight? Roger Kaputnik! Let's go see him . .



Have

you

ever

ridden

a horse

That's the one! He's a brash, no-talent, unfunny loudmouth!

But whenever he comes on the TV, you shut it off!

Sure I do! He's repulsive! I just don't know how he ever got as far as he did! So-LET'S GO SEE HIM!

But if you can't stand him on TV, why do you want to see him in person?

How often do I get a chance to meet a real live famous celebrity?!



















Y'know what I like about going away on a vacation and staying at a big hotel, Mom? I don't have to worry about the dishes getting done three meals a day, plus washing up after snacks!



And I don't have to worry about my bed being made, or my room being cleaned and straightened! Here the Chambermaid does all that!



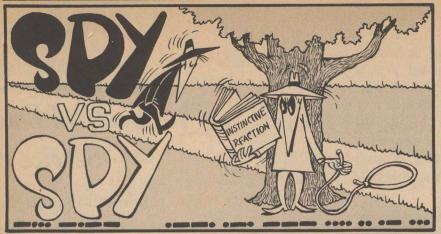
Hey, wait just one minute! When did you ever do ANY of those things at home?!



But here, I don't have to listen to you NAG me about them!

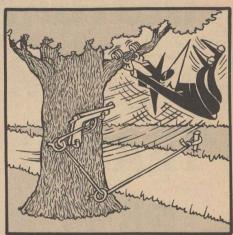


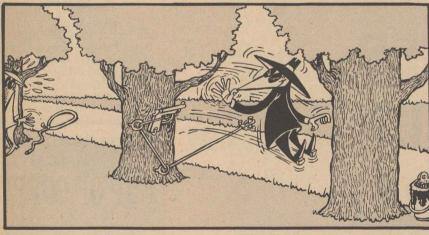




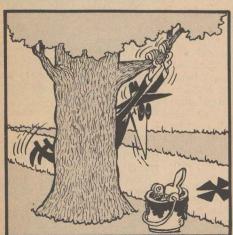


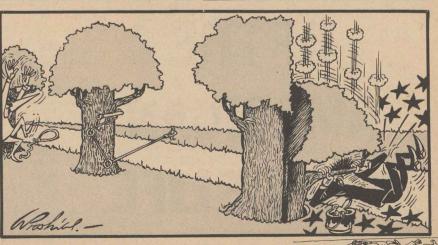












When an important person dies, his obituary is written up in newspapers. But when a beloved tradition, pastime, or way of life dies, the event often goes unnoticed. MAD feels it is time to honor all those wonderful, hallowed institutions that once made our world a happy place to live in. Let us then give these dead (or dying) customs their final send-off as we now present:

OBITUARIES FOR TRADITIONS, **PASTIMES** AND OTHER DYING-OUT LANDMARKS **OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE**

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Death of Efficience Service a S

Salesman Always Right

Special to The New York Times

Millions of Americans were stunned today to learn of the death of Efficient Customer Service.

"I thought it was dead already," said Mrs. Sophie Entwhistle, who was being ignored by three sales clerks in a Phoenix department store when she heard of the death.

Small Loss to Nation

"A good friend has departed from our midst," said Philo Warproot, cringing from a salesman's insults in the Kuppenheimer Room of Phil's Suit Emporium, Wichita, Kansas.

Couldn't Care Less

"I never knew it existed at all," said teenager Kyle Wiltfang, being elbowed in the pelvis by a cashier on her way to her rest period in a boutique in Poughkeepsie.

"Good riddance," said salesgirl Wilma Wiltfang (no rela-

FIVE-CENT CUP OF COFFEE

Dies After Long Struggle

Special to The New York Times

After a ten-year struggle for survival, the Five-cent Cup of Coffee died yesterday at the age of 174. Death was attributed to inflation, greed, and the high cost of dishwashers.

Truck Driver Favorite

Thousands of mourners are expected today to file past the giant coffee urn in Harry's Diner, Valparaiso, Indiana, where the deceased spent its last years in loneliness.

The remains, which now rest in Harry's outdoor garbage can, will eventually be interred in the Valparaiso city dump.

t Customer ock to Millions



ion to Kyle), while mixing up izes and removing price tags n the "Economy Girdle Department" of Yulvey's Ready-Fo-Wear, Altoona, Pa.

RELIABLE POSTAL SERVICE IS DEAD

Special to The New York Times

Reliable Postal Service died three months ago, according to a report received today in the nail.

CLEAN AIR DIES AS **NATION GASPS**

Special to The New York Times

Clean Air is dead at the age of 3,132,445,869.

Death took place at 1:33 this afternoon when the final trace. a small breathable patch above Lincoln, Neb., was smogged

Thick as Pea Soup

In healthy condition for centuries, Clean Air suffered its first attack in the late 1940's, in the form of a local smog infection in the Los Angeles

Efforts to stem the infection failed, and soon new outbreaks occurred over Pittsburgh, New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and northern New Jersey. Even then, the infection was not termed malig-

the country grew alarmed. despair. Frantic attempts were made to was too late. One by one, entire ing too choked up to speak.



But as the disease spread, states succumbed in a cloud of

There will be no funeral localize the infection, but it services, due to survivors be-

Baseba of Co

Once U.S. Nation

Special to The New Y

PLEASE

DON'T

GET

YOURSELF

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CLOD!

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Permanent 7th In

Baseball, once A tional pastime, di today following epidemic of wea

Death occurre Municipal Stad Indians and the Sox played to scoreless tie be The game was because of dawn

CRAFTSM

From Lack of

Special to The Ne

Craftsmanship stay of Ameri died yesterday f attempts to reple new blood.

From its hum pioneer days, C grew to becom the nation. But weakened itself t tacks from mas cheap foreign in rocketing labor ailments.

Gradually, lost its stren forced to leave try in order to s 1955, it was seen shops and back where it quietly last years.

Several attem

Melody in Popular Music Dies

Was Close Friend of Musicianship

Special to The New York Times

Melody in popular music died today amid mysterious reports of foul play. An inquest will be held tomorrow, with Rock 'n Roll the chief wit-

Born in ragtime, raised in jazz, and educated in swing, Melody survived two world wars and a depression. But with the death of its close friend, Musicianship, in the mid-1960's, it realized it had nothing to live for.

Nevertheless, Melody fought for survival, occasionally making a public appearance at a A memorial over nationwide jazz concert or appearing in



During its last years, it was in an obviously weakened condition, existing only on thin

The family has requested no music be played at the funeral. | ize it with new

As a gesture of respect, nash-houses throughout the country will be closed today for five minutes during the midmorning coffee break, with wearing waitresses aprons at half-mast.

television will be conducted at the background at a Frank 10 p.m. tonight by Juan Valdez. Sinatra recording session.

81

Baseball Dies of Collapse

Once U.S. National Pastime

Special to The New York Times

Baseball, once America's national pastime, died in its sleep today following a four-year epidemic of weak hitting.

Death occurred in Cleveland Municipal Stadium after the Indians and the Chicago White Sox played to a 43-inning scoreless tie before 39 fans. The game was finally called because of dawn.

Permanent 7th Inning Stretch

Born in 1839 to Abner Doubleday, Baseball eventually grew into the nation's greatest sport. But lately it suffered a series of setbacks, namely the enlarged strike zone, the slider; construction of pitcher's ballparks, and the exhausting road schedule.



Despite its anemic condi-tion, Baseball fought for its life, often being revived by transfusions of new franchises and an occasional home-run

But in the late 1960's, it took to its death-bed, unable to withstand a feeble commissioner. Finally, it was bled to death by the club-owners, headed by Walter O'Malley.

From Lack of New Blood

IS DEAD

CRAFTSMANSHIP

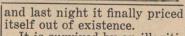
Special to The New York Times

Craftsmanship, once a mainstay of American industry, died yesterday following vain attempts to replenish it with new blood.

From its humble birth in pioneer days, Craftsmanship grew to become the pride of the nation. But as it grew, it weakened itself fighting off attacks from mass production, cheap foreign imitations, sky-rocketing labor costs and other ailments.

Gradually. Craftsmanship lost its strength and was forced to leave modern industry in order to stay alive. Since 1955, it was seen only in small shops and backwoods areas, where it quietly lived out its

al. | ize it with new blood failed, |charge.



It is survived by an illegitimate son, Planned Obsolescence.

AMERICA MOURNS PASSING OF RUGGED **INDIVIDUALISM**

The American people today mourned the death of Rugged Individualism.

Funeral arrangements have not been made, due to the lack Several attempts to revital- of anyone willing to take

PATRIOTISM LOSES FIGHT FOR LIFE

Special to The New York Times

Patriotism is dead.

It is survived by two close relatives, Mom and Apple Pie. both of whom are not expected

to live out the year. Born in 1776, Patriotism lived through many ailments but could not survive several recent attacks which left it mortally wounded.

The President has ordered all flags to fly at half-mast. It is doubtful whether the order will be carried out as all flags have long since been torn down and burned.

Last Refuge of Scoundrel

Burial services will take place in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. Pallbearers include Mario Savio, Stokely Carmichael, Mark Rudd and Jerry Rubin.

America Mourns Passing of Doctor's House-Call

Special to The New York Times

Millions of Americans today are mourning the Doctor's House-Call, which died yesterday after several hundred

years of devoted service.
The House-Call enjoyed good heath until the early 1950's, when it suffered a stroke from which it never recovered. During the past few years, it was rarely seen, except in cases involving extremely wealthy patients or members of the doctor's own family.

Aspirin with Lots of Water

The House-Call is survived by two distant cousins, the Office Visit and tht Out-Patient Clinic. Funeral services are being handled by the American Medical Association, who have ordered the coffin permanently closed.

MIDDLE AGE VANISHES

Is Presumed Dead

Special to The New York Times

Middle Age has disappeared

and is presumed dead.

In times past, it led a full life and was accepted by millions of Americans. But in the 20th century it became unpopular. Recently it was so despised that both men and women shuddered each time it made an appearance.

No Trust for Over 30ies

The direct cause of Middle Age's death may never be known. However, experts believe it was unable to fight off an onslaught of cosmetics, hair rinses and diet pills, and that it most likely committed suicide.

Next of kin will be notified just as soon as someone can be found who will admit to having known the deceased.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT DIES

Christmas Spirit died today after a lingering illness of almost 2,000 years.

HONEST CAR REPAIR DIES IN OBSCURITY

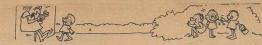


Honest Car Repair, once a thriving American institution, died today in its last remaining outpost, a small garage in Red Bank, N. J.

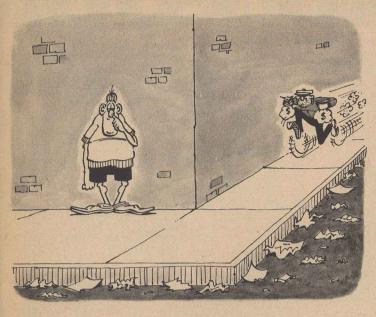
Death took place following the repair of a 1966 Dodge Polara suffering from a faulty spark plug. Following diag-nosis, the plug was removed and a new engine was put in, costing the Polara's owner \$566.99, plus labor.

Immediately after presenta-tion of the bill, Honest Car Repair went into a deep coma. from which it never recovered. Last rites were given by the garage's new owner, transmission specialist Myron Scurmly.

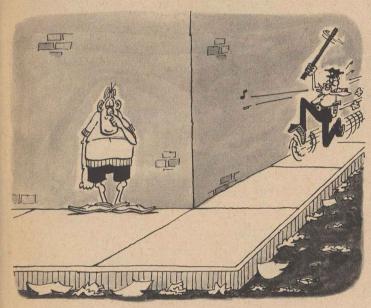
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

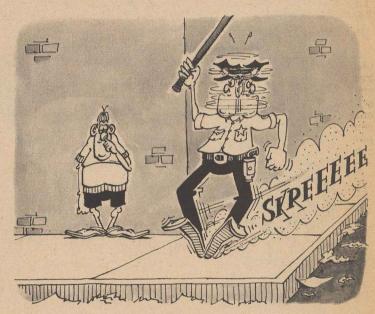


WHILE HANGING AROUND THE CORNER



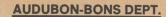






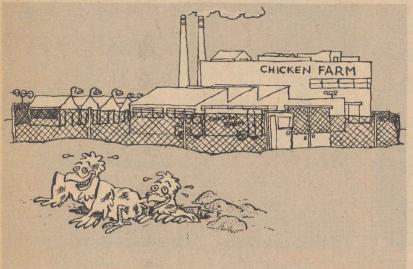


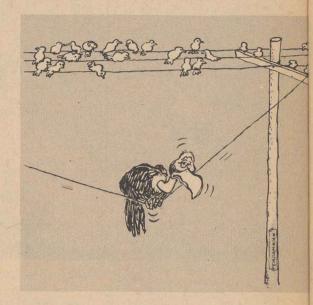


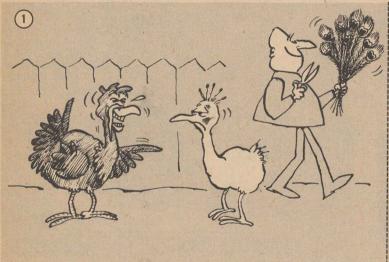


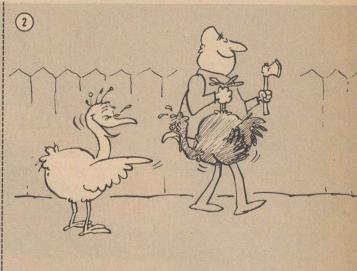


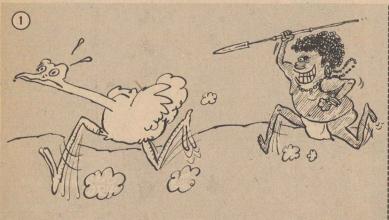
A MAD LOOK

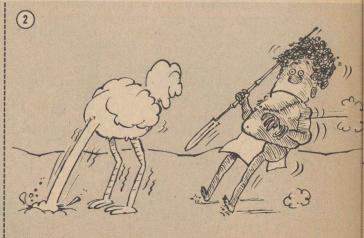








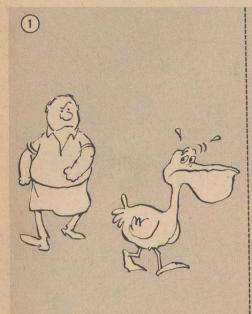




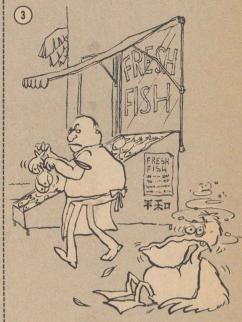
AT BIRDS

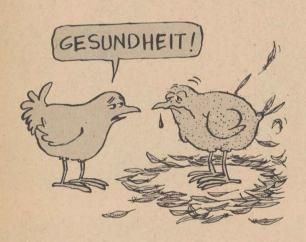
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



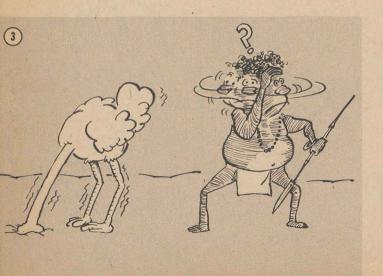




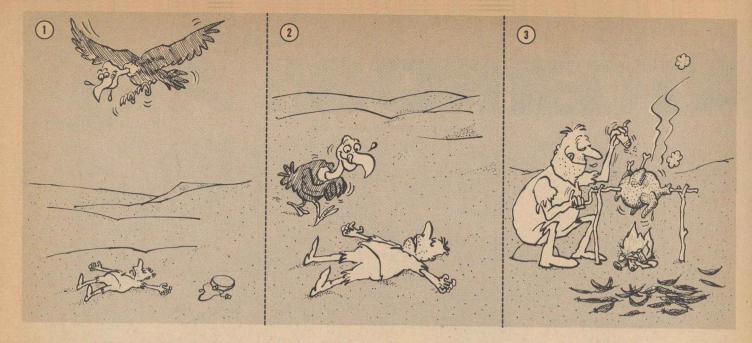


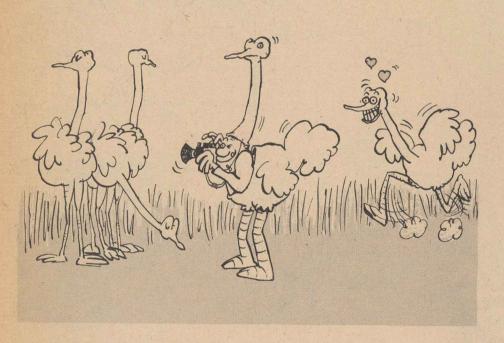




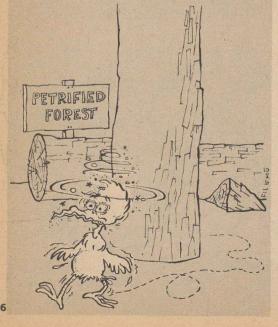


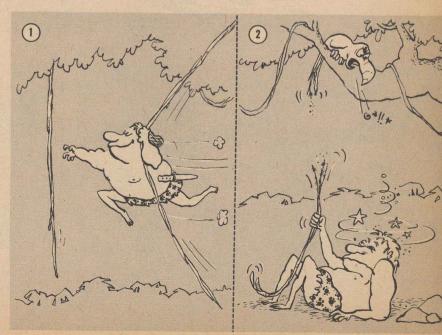
















AD INFINITE ITEMS DEPT.

We've all seen ads like this one on our left . . . where a product is shown and each of its "marvelous" features are described in glowing detail. Sometimes, when a product doesn't really have any exciting features, the copy-writer puts his mind to work and makes the rather ordinary features sound marvelous. Well, MAD would like to show how this technique can be carried to an extreme by making some really dull; everyday products sound very exciting indeed with the use of—





There's no pen in the world like the

SWIFT Ball Point Pen

COMPARE THESE FANTASTIC FEATURES:

PUSHBUTTON ACTIVATOR scientifically designed to accommodate any finger of any hand of anybody!

HEAVY DUTY CLIP makes pen completely portable. Lets you attach pen to the cheapest cotton T-shirt —all the way up to the most expensive tuxedo!

TWO-TONE BARREL AND TOP comes in an assortment of fashion-tint combinations. You 'choose your favorite colors just the way you'd do if you were buying a brand new 1970 Cadillac!

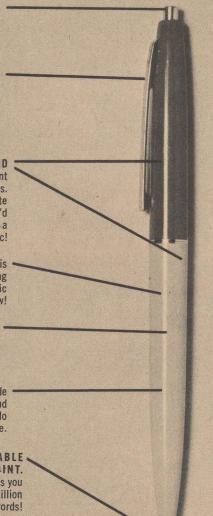
TAPERED BODY DESIGN is the very-same type being used in all the Super-Sonic Jet Transports of tomorrow!

HUGE INK SUPPLY in blue, blue-black or red, some of the colors used by the United States Government.

TOUGH PLASTIC CASE made to withstand shocks and wear, just the way Apollo Space vehicles are made.

SPHERICAL BALL POINT.
This is the point that allows you to write a check for one million dollars' or more! Writes words!
Draws pictures! Writes in any language! Take it to foreign

countries and write on the spot!



WHEN IT COMES TO A CULINARY ACCESSORY THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE AN

ACME TOOTHPICK

You Can't Beat These Wonderful Features!

Made from one of Nature's finest products: Wood!

Natural wood finish, the same finish found in furniture costing thousands of dollars!

Lightweight design and construction ends inconvenience of lugging around "heavy" toothpicks!*

Neat appearance, lets you take them anywhere . . . from the worst hot dog stand to the finest restaurant in the city.

Precision-honed tip, specially designed to remove all food particles from your teeth! You enjoy the same exact results as Doctors, Lawyers and—yes—even Kings!

*Illustration is 3 times natural size!



ATURE BY FEATURE VERTISING

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

NEET Memo Pad

WITH THESE FABULOUS OUTSTANDING FEATURES:

MEETS ALL POST OFFICE REGULATIONS Pages can be placed in envelopes and mailed First, Second, Third, Air Mail, Special Delivery or any way you desire! UNIQUE BINDING holds all the pages and lets you tear them off with a flick of the wrist.

EVERY PAD BACKED by special cardboard "easel" to give it stability and support,—the very same principle used by artists like Norman Rockwell!

500 MATCHING PAGES to a pad! Use them in order or out of order! They will still match!

EACH PAGE CONTAINS two complete sides and four precision-trimmed edges!

PLAIN WHITE PAPER just like the type used for writing hit Broadway Shows, the lyrics to Million-Record-Selling Songs, and Life-Saving Prescriptions!

ABSOLUTELY BLANK PAGES
Allows you to decide for yourself how many lines you want to write on each.

SCIENTIFICALLY MADE SURFACE Write on it with a lowly pencil or type on it with an IBM Executive, Typewriter! Even crayon or paint! It retains precisely what you've written, typed, drawn or painted!

INGENIOUS RECTANGULAR DESIGN permits you to fold it anywhere—in half, in thirds, in quarters! Maybe you want it bold and flat for all to see! Maybe you want it folded up tight so no one can see! You decide, and NEET PADS obey!

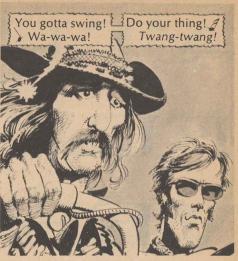
There's a "now" movie around—about two "now" guys who ride on "now", wheels...

... and smoke "now" grass, and pop "now" pills and talk "now" talk ...

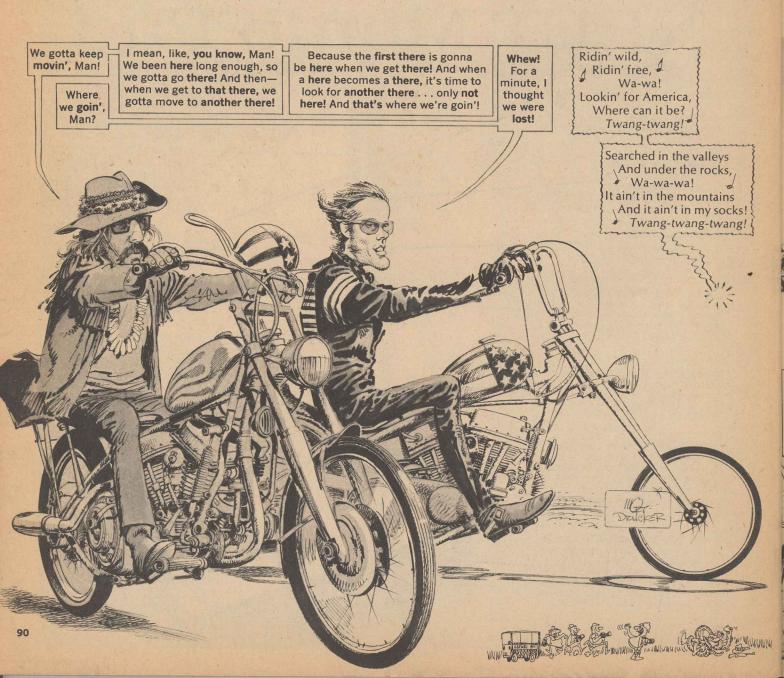
... while some "now" performers play and sing "now" music in the background.







What are these two "now" guys looking for in this movie? Well, according to the newspaper ads, they're looking for "America", but they can't find it anywhere! And what are we "MAD" guys looking for in this movie? We're looking for a "plot", but we can't find that anywhere! You'll see what we mean as we bring you our "MAD" version of ••••



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Hey, I'm bushed, Man! Let's find a pad for the night!

Are you kiddin', Man?! The way we look and dress?! No motel is gonna take us in! We've been turned down at 114 places already!

You . . . you liked sleeping in a Zoo That place Parking Lot . . . ? took us in last night,

didn't

they?

It wasn't so bad!

In a cage?!



Here's a place, Man!

Forget it, Man! There' no TV!

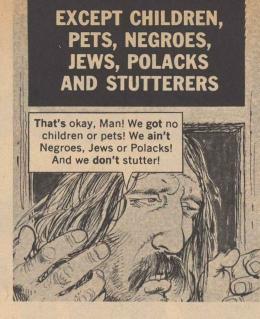
Who needs TV, Man?! We're gonna see the Bolshoi Ballet, starrin' Captain Kangaroo, performin' LIVE . . right in our own room!

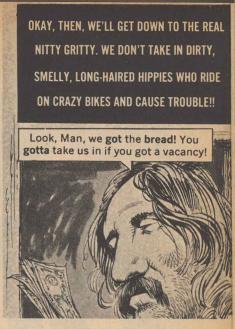
When are we gonna see that?

Jus' as soon as we start smokin' again!



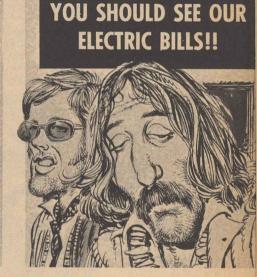








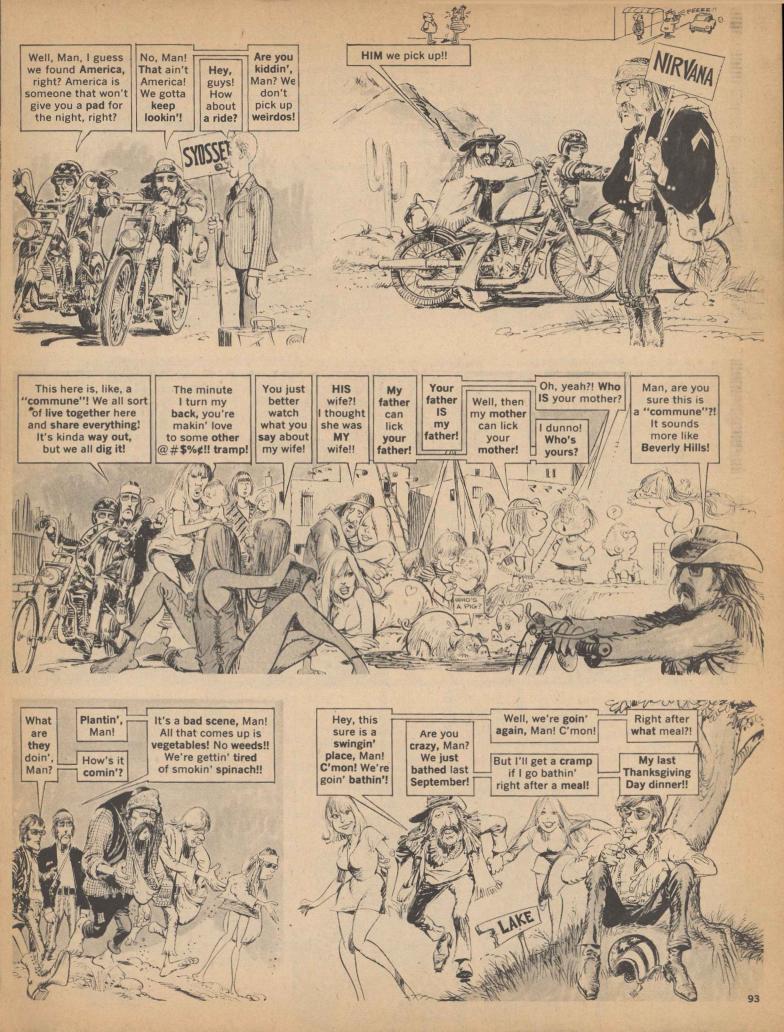




ARE YOU KIDDING?!

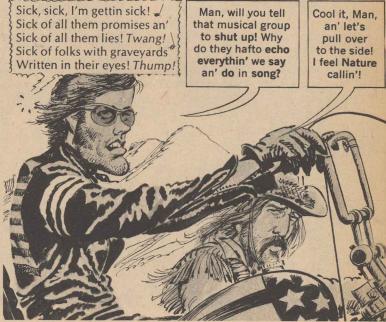


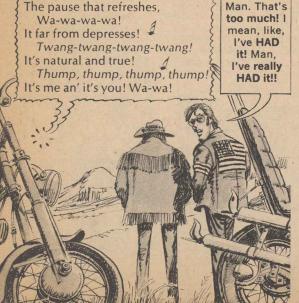








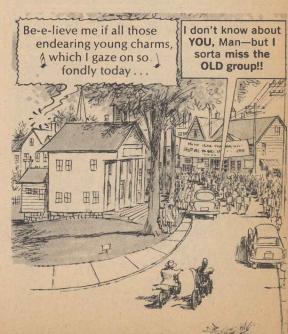


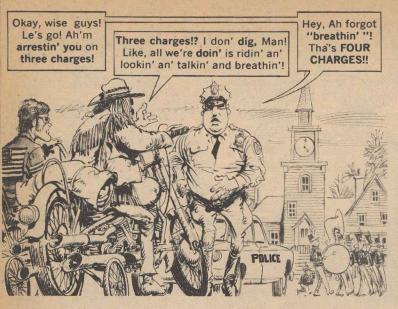


Man. That's
too much! I
mean, like,
I've HAD
it! Man,
I've really
HAD it!!

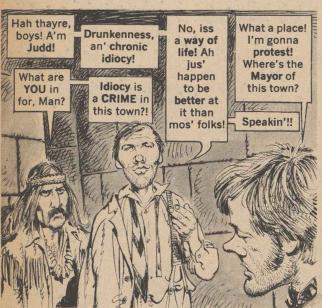
Okay, group! THAT'S IT!!
You're through! Finished!
Pack up your music an' your twangin' guitars an' your acid
an' your needles an'
GET OUT!!
You're bein' replaced!!















No, Man! That ain't the REAL America! We gotta keep on lookin'!





Hey, look at that character in the far-out Mod clothes! Man, they even match my bike!

An' dig that sign he's holdin'! HE'S goin' where WE'RE goin'! What luck!!





WHAT
SILENT
MAJORITY
WILL WE
NEVER
HEAR FROM?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

Today, everyone is concerned with what the so-called "Silent Majority" of Middle-America thinks and needs and wants. But there is a much more important group that keeps growing larger and silenter every day... and everyone seems to be ignoring them. To find out who this "Silent Majority" is, fold in pages as shown!

8

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT 4B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A



CRYING PEACE, BROTHERHOOD AND FREEDOM
POLITICAL ACTIVISTS ARE SEARCHING FOR A SOLUTION
TO MANKIND'S PROBLEMS. BUT A GREATER
VICTORY MAY LIE IN THE PURSUIT OF NOBLER AIMS

ARTIST & WRITER:

A

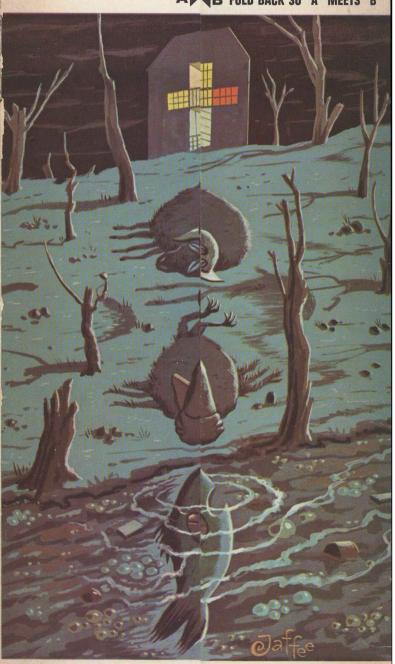
◆B

WHAT SILENT MAJORITY WILL WE NEVER HEAR FROM?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



POLLUTION

VICTIMS

A) (B

ARTIST & WRITER:

THENGHIMARE



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Poof:



